Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE. MECHANIC ARTS. LITERATURE. NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Agricultural Notices.

Fairs and Meetings to Occur.

MAINE POULTRY ASSOCIATION—Fourth Exhibition at Portland, Jan. 25—28, 1876.

EXHIBITION OF FARMERS' CLUBS—Harrison and Otisfield, Wednesday, Oct. 13th.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY—Business meetings of Master of State Grange and Masters of Sub-Granges, at Auburn, Aug. 27th; Brunswick, Aug. 28th; South Paris, Aug. 31st, at 10 o'clock A. M., each day.

ADDRESSES AT FAIRS—Kennebec, Z. A. Gilbert of East Turner; Androscoggin, D. H. Thing of Mt. Vernon; Maine State Fair, Hon. S. L. Goodale, of Saco, and Prof. C. H. Fernald of Maine State College; Maine Pomological Society, Hon. Geo. T. Davis of Portland.

MAINE STATE FAIR—Combined exhibition of State Agricultural, State Pomological, State Dairymen's and State Stock Breeders Societies at Presumpscot Park, Portland, Sept. 21—25. [Entries to Live Stock and Implements Classes, close Sept. 7th. Samuel Wasson, Sec'y, East Surry.]

NEW ENGLAND FAIR—In connection with the New Hampshire State Fair at Manchester, N. H., Sept. 7—11. For particulars address Col. Daniel Needham, Sec'y of the New England Agricultural Society, at the Boston Headquarters, No. 45 Milk St., corner of Devonshire St.; also to Col. Geo. W. Riddle, Treasurer, Manchester, N. H.; and to Aaron Young, esq., Sec'y New Hampshire State Society, Portsmouth, N. H.

COUNTY EXHIBITIONS—Androscoggin, Lewiston, Oct. 5—7; Oxford, South Paris, Oct. 5—8; Western Hancock, Bucksport, Oct. 6—8; North Franklin, Phillips, Sept. 29—30; Waldo, Belfast, Oct. 11—13; Sagadahoc, Topsham, Oct. 13—14; Lincoln, Waldoboro', Oct. 12—14; Aroostook, Houlton, Sept. 23—24; Cumberland County, West Cumberland, Oct. 5—7; Washington, Pembroke, Sept. 29—30; Kennebec, Fairgrounds, Monson, Sept. 29—30; Somerset Central, Skowhegan, Sept. 29—30; West Oxford, Fryeburg, Oct. 12—14; Kennebec, Readfield, Oct. 5—7; Franklin Central, Strong, Oct. 15—13; North Knox, South Hope, Oct. 5—7.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY—Regular Meetings of Granges—Dirigo, Brunswick, Saturday evenings; Eastern Star, Hampden, Tuesday evenings; Forest Lee, Saturday evenings; Golden Harvest, Carmel, Wednesday evenings; Northern Light, Winterport, Thursday evenings; Naples, first Friday evening in each month; Queen City, Bangor, Saturday evenings; Rising Sun, East Knox, Saturday evenings; Somerset, South Norridgewock, Tuesday evenings; Victor, Fairfield Center, Thursday evenings; Harvest Moon, Thorndike, Wednesday afternoons; Mystic Tie, Kenduskeag, Saturday evenings; Home, Brooks, Tuesday evenings at 61 o'clock.

Centennial Suggestions.

What shall Maine Do!

Maine ought to be waking up for the great centennial exposition which takes place next year, and for the preparation for which the time is now narrowed down to a few months. Maine may not be a great State, nor a leading State, but she has no right to let this grand occasion pass without being honorably represented at it. And whatever the State may yet do in its official capacity, the people of Maine, the enterprising and energetic business men, manufacturers and commercial firms, ought to be awake to their true interests, and see that among the displays made by the men of sister States, they are not behind.

The exposition is to be a tangible representation of the progress of a hundred years of our people. There were men who lived within our own borders before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and who took part in the battles of the Revolution; and if we did not at that time compose an independent State, we formed no mean part of one of the "original thirteen." And in the progress that has followed in the advancement of civilization, and in the development of the arts, the men of our State have borne an honorable part. Let us show, at that time, as well as we may be able, the record Maine has made, and the record Maine men have made, for themselves and for the State.

In some way the area and natural resources of our State should be made known. If we do form one corner of Uncle Sam's farm we should let the world know we are a pretty large corner, and have a territory nearly as extended as all else of New England put together. We are not all woods and rock, as many good people imagine, and the progress we have made in industrial development, and the means we have yet in store, but undeveloped, should be spread out intelligently before the world. And first our advantages as an agricultural State should be faithfully made known; for in the century to come, the question of BREAD,—more than the question of mechanical or manufacturing industry and capacity—is to form the leading question of the people. And at this approaching exhibition the resources of Maine to produce human food, should be made a leading feature. We must show to the world that our average production of wheat is larger per acre, than in any of the so-called great wheat growing states of the West. We must show that in grazing, in dairying, in orcharding, in the special advantages for sheep husbandry, Maine is head and shoulders above the majority of her sister commonwealths; and we must show that with these leading advantages in this direction, are combined facilities for manufacturing, yet unemployed, such as no other State in the Union can boast. These two taken together, in the relation in which they exist in Maine, form the surest basis of material prosperity, that any State or people can possess.

The agricultural wealth of our settling lands, the area of such lands in our State, the prices at which they can be had, the crops they will grow, must somehow appear in this great summary of our Nation's history and achievements—for other nations than our own are to see this schedule, and the people and wealth of other nations will flock to our country, and to such portions of our country as offer the best inducements for the cheap sustenance of the masses and the best opportunities for industry—in a greater ratio after this centennial than ever before. Maine should secure a just share of the enterprise, the brains and the wealth which will surely come to this country in the next few decades.

Next in importance, if not in fact of greater importance, is an exhibit of our manufactures—the products of our looms, mills, mines and shops, our ship yards and our fisheries. And in connection with specimens of what Maine makes, should also be shown, in some way, an exhibit of what she can make, a schedule of her manufacturing facilities and advantages as existing in our almost unlimited and unsurpassed water-power. It is true the question is an undecided one as between the advantages and economy of water and steam power, but this aside. Let our superior facilities in the former direction be fully shown, and let the merits of the question raised be considered afterwards. Let us show to the world that we have the best slate quarries in the country; that our granite goes to the Mississippi; that our lumber and our cotton and woolen goods are sent all over the world; that in Aroostook county are iron mines surpassing in quality the famed mines of the old world; that we make the best lime produced anywhere, and that in a hundred other branches less conspicuous, our manufacturing industries and the products of our skilled workmen, will not suffer in comparison with those of any other State or section. A Maine factory won the highest honors on broadcloths at the first world's fair in 1851, and we have not gone backwards during these twenty-four years. Mr. John Harper still runs his Oxford mill, and his hands have not lost their cunning. The same may be said of our other mills and shops and foundries—the workmen are not less skilled nor the products less excellent than then. And every shop and factory, every mine and quarry in Maine, should be represented at Philadelphia next summer. No man who makes cloth of wool or cotton, who produces boots, shoes, rubbers, wood pulp, paper, shoe pegs, spools, or any other product whatever, should fail to have his goods represented in the Nation's fair. No matter if he can sell all the goods he can make, let him exhibit that he may make more; no matter if he feel that he cannot afford to do so, let him do it and he will reap the rewards in enlarged business.

We have not alluded to one matter of importance, which will bear a few additional words. Maine is rich in hard woods, and it is well known that in all the older parts of our country, and indeed in other countries, the consumption of hard woods has in years past been enormous, and is rapidly increasing. Its uses in the arts are such that the demands for the different kinds is very great. Fortunately we possess in our newer sections, as in Aroostook county, an abundance of the very best kinds of these woods. Specimens of them and of the work they make when wrought, should be placed in this coming national fair, together with a statement of the extent of land they cover, its accessibility to market, the uses to which the woods may be put, and the price of the land on which they are growing. This point should on no account be overlooked, and the State in this instance would do well to see that such an exhibition and exhibit is secured.

We have taken up more space with this subject than we thought of doing when we took our pen in hand, and are not yet done with it, but must for the present leave it. We shall allude to its bearing upon other branches and in other directions another time. The matter of exhibition and representation must, however, be largely if not wholly a personal one. But we rejoice to know that everywhere and always, men and companies have generally been more liberal and enterprising in such matters than have States; and we had, in such an exhibition as we ought to make at Philadelphia, rather trust the honor and credit and reputation of Maine in the hands of its citizens, individually, than to the State itself. And we are sure the men of Maine are not blind to their own interests in this particular, nor will they be backward of others in manifesting it. They only need to be waked up a little to its importance, and we are glad to know that many have already signified their intention of becoming exhibitors. Let all manufacturers and firms but look at the subject in its true significance, and they will not lose the business opportunities it will afford. While personally they will in the end reap a manifold reward, the credit and enterprise the skill and intelligence of the State will be well upheld and exhibited through their efforts.

The Protection of Fish in Private Waters.

Suppose a person has on his farm in the State of Maine, a brook in which he wishes to cultivate trout on a small scale, for his own use, what steps are necessary to legally prevent other persons from fishing in the stream, and what, if any, would be the penalty for so doing? By answering the above question through the FARMER, you will favor not only the writer, but probably several others. SUBSCRIBER.

Oxford County.

The general statute of the State is sufficient in its provisions, we think, to cover the case supposed by our correspondent. It provides that any person may, within the limits of his own premises, enclose the waters of any stream not navigable, for the propagation of useful fishes, provided he furnish suitable passages for migratory fishes, if any such naturally frequent the waters he proposes to enclose, and does not obstruct the passage of boats and other craft and materials, in places where the same have a right to pass (if the stream or brook is sufficiently large for such purposes). The only restrictions to his taking or selling fish from such a preserve, is that which the law everywhere imposes, viz.: "not to capture or sell such fish at seasons when it is prohibited by law;" and the penalty for fishing in such "pond, stream or other water," without permission of the proprietor, is not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars for each offence, and "one dollar for every fish so taken." For additional information we refer our querist to the Revised Statutes of 1871, Ch. 40, sections 51—53; title III.

The Use of Ashes.

Please inform me through your columns the best time to apply ashes to grass land; also the amount to use per acre. What amount of clover shall I sow for a "green dressing," and can it be profitably sown this season? I would also like to know if I can sow to grass seed, herdsgrass and clover, this season, and when to do it.

Deering. A SUBSCRIBER.

Ashes are so valuable an application to all soils, and almost all crops, that we do not know when they may not be applied to advantage. Put them on to your grass land now—no time could be better. The grass roots will start up in consequence, and your fields will show the effects of it, for years to come. As to the amount—put on all you can get; we never knew the instance where a farmer could get more than it was profitable to apply. Old fields will stand a liberal application, and some say a hundred bushels to the acre will be no injury to the land; but you will probably use less—at any rate don't be afraid to put on a good quantity. We should think it too late to sow clover for a green manuring crop the present season, but old sward may be turned over, and ashes, compost or other manure applied, and the land seeded the last of this month or first of next with good results. Herds grass and clover sown at that time will, if the fall should be wet, take well and give a good yield another season. Some would perhaps advise the sowing of winter wheat, in connection with seeding to grass, and the trial of the plan would certainly cost but little, and might return a fair crop of this useful cereal.

Prospects of the Season.

If the wet weather during the first part of August was somewhat unfavorable for harvesting, and caused much injury to the grain crop, it has been unusually favorable for the grass fields and pastures. Nothing works so great an injury to our mowing fields as the prevalence of dry weather immediately following haying. The grass roots receive a severe shock from being suddenly exposed to the hot sun of midsummer, and if several weeks of dry weather ensue, they become so scorched as to gain little strength with which to meet the severe weather of winter, and to this fact may be attributed many of the failures of grass fields, especially of those newly seeded, in the dry years of 1870—72. This season however, there is no cause for anxiety in this direction. The wet weather has caused mowing fields to spring up green and fresh, and pastures have been constantly furnishing a good supply of food. Cows which by this time, generally, have been falling off in the yield of milk, have kept up a good supply; and as a consequence our cheese factories are doing their best at a time when the amount of milk usually received begins to diminish very perceptibly. As a whole, the prospect of abundant fall feed and a late working of our factories, was never more promising, which will in part make up for the injury sustained to the grain harvest. Late sown grain is ruining to some extent, and early potatoes begin to rot quite extensively.

Maine Dairymens' Association.

The Secretary, Mr. J. W. Lang, sends us a brief note in which he expresses much regret that the financial condition of the Maine Dairymens' Association, would not warrant their issuing a separate edition of the report and transactions of the Society. The same will be found in the Agriculture of Maine for 1874-5, where they occupy about forty pages, consisting of the report of the Secretary, giving a detailed statement of the factories in operation in Maine in 1874, with practical suggestions and conclusions, and one or two papers of much value to dairymen. Copies of this volume may be had on application to the secretary of the agricultural society within whose limits the party resides, until the supply is exhausted, provided he be a member of such society. Mr. Lang expresses the hope, in which we are sure every one interested in dairy husbandry will unite, that the financial condition of the Association will be so satisfactory another year that the report may be published in pamphlet form, for the use of its members and others interested. The fullest dissemination possible should be made of all information bearing upon this important industry.

Our State Fair.

Come, brother farmers, one and all, "throw down shovel and hoe," cast aside dull care, don your best hat, take the good wife along, and go up to the great harvest feast of the State. Not only go yourselves, but carry the best from your field and flock to show the world what you are doing and have done. Cast aside all minor things, and go up to learn and teach. There are many lessons there you may learn, and many things you may impart. This great jubilee comes only once in a year, and you cannot afford to let it slip by unimproved. Go up and meet your brethren from Aroostook to York, from the East, from the West, from the North and from the South. Let there be such a gathering of the farmers of Maine at Portland next month, as was never witnessed before on a similar occasion.

Editorial Notes.

In this number we publish two additional orations given by students of the State College, at the recent anniversary exercises; and which should be read in connection with those published in our issue of the 14th inst. For compactness of language, correct style, forcible expression, and a studied, comprehensive treatment of the several subjects, we are willing to submit these several parts to the judgment of the people of the State, as an evidence of the training in this direction, which our young men receive at the Maine State College.

One of the neatest business circulars we have seen for a long time, and one which from cover to cover reads "like a book," because well written, well printed, well arranged and of direct interest to farmers, is that issued by Messrs. Benjamin & Allen of West Waterville, and devoted to the merits of their famous horse powers and threshing machines. This firm has been long established, and their goods have a high reputation throughout the country and British Provinces. Now is just the time to "circulate" these "documents," which may be had gratis on application to the manufacturers as above.

The Franklin Central Ag'l Society, the newly chartered agricultural organization whose headquarters are at Strong, has issued a premium list for its first annual exhibition, which is to be holden at that village on the 12th and 13th of Oct. next. This list is included in a handy little pamphlet, which also comprises the constitution, by-laws, list of members and other matters of interest to those particularly concerned. We trust their show and fair may be a good one, as it no doubt will, with the good material and capable officers which the Society has to work with.

We have at our office a fine sample of wool taken from a year old Cotswold ram, owned by Col. C. P. Mattocks of Portland, who has a farm at East Baldwin. The specimen was said to have been cut off at one inch from his body, and measures about one foot in length. Col. Mattocks also has on his farm an imported Cotswold ram, that has reached the heavy weight of 445 lbs.

We are under obligations to the managers of the Warren Cheese company, for a generous cut of cheese made at their factory this season. It is rich and fatty, and of excellent quality.

Mr. Vick has published the concluding number of his Floral Guide for 1875, and the four numbers are well worthy of being bound and preserved as a hand book of reference on floral subjects. It is devoted to the culture of hardy bulbs, and we wish all readers would get a copy and learn how to grow them, and then try a few and see how easily tulips, hyacinths, lilies, crocusses and snow drops may be grown out of doors in Maine, and how the fine flowers which open in early spring, will reward for the simple labor of setting.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Fruit and other Notes.

The caterpillar raid having subsided, it is interesting to record observations of its effects upon the fruit trees, and the probable condition of things next year. In this region, the devastation wrought by the forest caterpillar was terrific, and almost caused a suspension of general farm-work for a time for the purpose of saving the young apple and pear trees from destruction. Much apprehension was felt that the trees would be killed, but since the enemy retreated, the trees have put out a goodly crop of new leaves, and are growing finely.

A recent examination of the cocoons which are enclosed in the leaves not eaten during the raid, discloses the fact that a large number of the embryo moths have either died from some natural cause or been destroyed by a parisite. The latter supposition seems correct as one end of the cocoon is open and was doubtless punctured by the parasitic enemy. Will not some naturalist whose observations have been more careful than mine give a definite account of this matter?

A New Enemy

to the caterpillar is discovered in the little striped squirrel or chip-munk. A neighbor shot one a few days since, and noticing an unusual dimension of the cheeks, proceeded to investigate the cause, and was much surprised to find a large number of the chrysalids of the tree caterpillar which had been collected by the squirrel. No more chip-munks will be killed by that man.

I think we may expect much trouble from the forest tent caterpillar for some years to come, but they will probably pass in time—perhaps to give room to some new and unlooked for plague. I don't think our farmers and fruit-growers are discouraged to any extent in their determination to prosecute fruit-growing vigorously, as they are ordering trees liberally for next year's planting. The experience of those who have applied remedies for the protection of their trees, proves that the march of the caterpillar can be easily arrested, and they be prevented from ascending the trees by a timely application of certain substances to the trunk of the tree. The application of tar is found by some an effectual preventive. A neighbor of mine applied a composition of lard and sulphur to the trunks of his young trees a little way below the trunks, allowing the enemy to congregate *en masse* below the obstruction and then went for them with a great slaughter. The same neighbor unthinkingly crushed some of them with his hands, and was poisoned by them so that festers came on his hands and wrists.

Top Dressing for Grass.

Mr. Joshua Howard of this town, reports a very successful experiment in top-dressing mowing lands. He spread about three cords per acre of horse and ox manure composted with muck and chip dirt, and worked over by hogs. After spreading from the cart, a brush was dragged over it to pulverize it as much as possible. This was applied in August, last year, and it was feared the severe drouth during the fall would render the dressing inoperative, but the increase in the crop this year was remarkable, being double, that of last year on the same ground. On one piece, where the grass had begun to appear, the top-dressing had the effect to bring up a thick, stout growth of timothy and red-top, so that the poor grasses were not seen. Mr. Howard is confident that the extra quantity of hay harvested this year from those pieces of ground, pays him for *all the expense of top-dressing.*

Small Fruits

are being cultivated by our people to some extent, but not half enough. Do our farmers, who take so much pleasure in their splendid fields of corn, grain and potatoes, realize how much health, profit and enjoyment there is in a few cherry trees, raspberry bushes &c, well cultivated and trained in the garden? The editor of the Boston *Cultivator* in an article on "American Fruit Culture" in his paper for August 7th, says of the strawberry trade in Boston market;—"For some time, strawberries have been brought from Nova Scotia in as fine condition as any during the season. Ray & Howes informed us last week, who sell fruit at No. 13 Hanger Avenue, that they have not received strawberries in so fine a condition this season as those that are brought from Down East. The fruit is hard, nicely picked, boxed, crated and shipped, whether by rail or steamers, especially by the latter. From Florida South, to the Provinces on the North, all grow strawberrries in the season and send them to Boston market, thus giving us a long time to feast on this delicious fruit, this luxury of luxuries." Of prices paid for small fruits the editor says "The raspberry and the blackberry are very delicious fruit, and now abundant in the market, selling for 25 to 30c a box of less than a quart. They are higher when they first come to market, say 40 to 50c a box—about as strawberries run during the season. The Scotians now sell from 25 to 30, 40 and 50c a box."

Down Easters, how is that for *high?*

Harrison. G. F.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Few Words about Witch Grass.

Any one troubled with witch grass, may subdue it by the following process: plough the ground as soon after haying as practicable; cross plough before the ground freezes and harrow down thoroughly. Plough again in the spring, or if the land is mellow the cultivator will do just as well. At the proper time, plant with turnips, beans, corn or any crop that will admit the hoe close to the roots. Hoe often until the crop shades the ground. By this process you will so far exterminate the witch grass, that in after years you may plant any crop on the ground or make it into a vegetable garden. The extra crop gained by the extra cultivation, will more than compensate for all the expense. Or if it is desirable to get a crop by ploughing in the spring, plough early and pile the sods in bunches as high as practicable. Let them remain about a month and then spread the piles over the ground and harrow effectually and you may get a good crop of turnips, cabbages or corn, a little late planted, should your land be rich. If the land is full of witch grass, the decayed roots will form a mulching that is valuable to the crop and will leave the land in fine condition for future crops. This is no mere theory; I have tried it many times and never failed of success.

Some of my neighbors have this year, spent more time in raking out and hauling off the grass roots, than I have in my entire cultivation, and we alike have a corn crop on the land; and it is safe to say that there is not one-fourth of the witch grass on mine there is on theirs. If any one doubts this, I invite examination. The frequent use of the hoe is an important thing in any hoed crop. I am not sure but the All-wise Creator gave us weeds to make us stir the ground, to prepare it to receive the nitrogen from the falling dews, which is an important ingredients in the growth of vegetation. There was recently an editorial article in the FARMER on the importance of hoeing, that farmers would do well to heed.

Hampden Corner. DAVID BROWN.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from West Oxford.

Haying is about closed, and as a general thing, a crop quite equal to last year, will be secured; while the quality is much better. The stubble started well after the scythe but the dry weather is beginning to tell upon it, which with a fair sprinkling of grasshoppers makes farmers wish for rain and turkeys. Corn looks very well—much better than last year, while a greater area is planted than for several years past. Grain is looking very well and a full average crop may be expected. Potatoes and beans are good, while apples will be almost a failure, as only now and then a tree is bearing. We have a telegraph line from Bridgton to the P. & O. R. R. which causes some funny remarks to be made from some of the older inhabitants. The hard times does not seem to trouble the lumber business at Denmark as there are three mills hard at work sawing staves for shooks,—cutting out from eight to ten thousand per day, which are made into shook and sent direct for Portland. The caterpillar scourge has passed, and their ravages were truly terrible at the time; as all the hard wood trees were cleaned of their leaves on large tracts, while apple and all fruit trees where the owners did not go in for the "last ditch" system, were entirely stripped of fruit and foliage. The forest trees have budded and thrown out new leaves the same as the first time; while fruit trees remain about the same as when left by them.

Denmark, Aug. 2d. C. B. SMITH.

For the Maine Farmer.

Notes from Brier Ridge.—IV.

Caterpillars.

Your correspondent "M" of Brunswick, has given us sound advice about the destruction of caterpillars. I mean of course, the apple tree tent-caterpillar. From my own observation and experience, I conclude that the period at which they are easiest destroyed is that of the egg. When you remove the bunch of eggs, with one stroke of the knife, you rid your tree of the whole nest. If you leave them till they hatch, you will be very fortunate if large numbers do not escape you and live to perpetuate their kind. They are popularly supposed to be gathered under their tents, so that whole broods can be crushed at once, but more chip-munks will be killed by that man.

I found an excellent farms in Hermon, and their growing crops are looking finely.

The Six Mile Falls Cheese Factory

was the second factory built in Maine, and its close promixity to Bangor market, has been unfavorable for the stockholders, as a large portion of the milk from this neighborhood goes to the city. Nevertheless they are now getting a fair supply of milk and are making some very excellent cheese. This company made a great mistake when they built this factory in not making their building larger. Its size is 25x30 feet, and it should be 34x50. It is very essential to have plenty of good dry room without which we cannot cure nice cheese. I find the cheese factories in Penobscot county are all doing well, and the farmers are well assisted with this new enterprise and there will be more factories built in this county another year. There is no better grazing land in Maine than is to be found in Penobscot county, and I find in all the towns which I have visited, there is general improvement going on, both in stock raising and farm management.

R. S. Torrey's Apiary.

I paid a visit to Mr. Torrey's bee farm one day last week. Mr. T. has recently purchased sixty acres of land on the Odlin road so called, about four miles from Bangor, where he intends to devote his time to gardening and raising honey. He has an excellent location in which to carry on this business; the land being new, and he is seeding with Aislke clover which he considers one of the best bee feeds we have. He tells me he does not allow his bees to swarm, but furnishes them with boxes in which to work. He intends another year to build a bee house or Apiary in a circle, having in the center a summer house in which he can sit and watch his bees. Mr. Torrey has been in this business for 30 years, and had in Aroostook county last fall five hundred swarms. He is making the business pay. His honey is of the best quality as I can testify from the box given me when there. If Mr. Torrey should give his experience in bee raising through the FARMER, it might help others who are interested in the bee business, but who know little about it practically. J. P. C.

Hermon.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Peculiar Spring of Water.

About the year 1846, three men who were exploring the timber lands in the region of Kennebago lake, discovered a spring of very clear water, having a sweetish taste. Two of them drank freely of the water and in a short time were taken sick and vomited; when they decided the water came from a bed of poisonous minerals. These three men, John Haley, Caleb Sylvester and Ebenezer Whitney, have all passed away. One of them gave me the above account and described the location of the spring. I have spent several days at different times, in looking for it, but without success. I named the subject to several persons and gave them the location as near as I could. I have just learned that two men have found it, their account is that the water is very blue, resembling blue vitrol in color, but has no unnatural taste—in all probability knowing as they did the effect on the first discoverers they tasted it in limited quantities, and would not perhaps perceive anything peculiar in it. Can any of your readers give an explanation of this phenomenon?

Phillips. SEWARD DILL.

Woman's Department.

For the Woman's Department.

Practical Thoughts on Government.

"As the twig is bent so the tree inclines," is an old proverb, but here is a new version of it, "As the tree inclines, so will the twig bend likewise." You should have thought of this, Mrs. Dawes, when you whipped your little boy for slyly stopping the clock one morning, in hopes of lengthening his play hours before school time, when only last week, he saw you set it ahead forty minutes and then call the men for dinner, and by so doing, secured a longer afternoon to spend visiting.

I saw Jimmy Cole's father brutally kick and beat a young cow for treading on his feet while milking, but when a block of wood fell off the pile onto Jimmy's foot, and he, angry with pain, kicked the offending stick, cutting a gash in his boot by doing so, he was scolded and sent supperless to bed. I remember, when boarding round, the master of the house came home from a public meeting fairly out of temper, because Jones, a member of the committee of which he was chairman, persisted in being spokesman and taking the lead in all matters that came up, notwithstanding the poor chairman was very anxious to have that privilege. During the conversation, just as his wife was warmly expressing her opinion of Mr. Jones and his measures, one of their little girls came running into the room breathless and crying, because a playmate had picked "her pail fuller" of berries than she had. With an impatient gesture her father bade her to "be still, and not be such a foolish child as to care," and the animated conversation proceeded.

To another case I was an eye witness. A little girl, an only child of parents alternately indulgent and tyrannical, was playing in the kitchen where her mother was at work, and accidentally hit her arm against a corner of the sink. She screamed with the twinge of pain that followed, and obeying the instinct that says give blow for blow, fiercely struck back. The jar caused an earthern dish that was tilted up against others in the sink to fall over and break. Her mother provoked by the displayof temper in her child, and more especially by the loss, removed the unbroken ones and commanded the little girl to keep striking that corner of the sink with her hands for ten minutes. The punishment might be well enough for the child if it had been given in the right spirit. Children are wise little mortals. They know when they are punished if it is for their own good or whether they are the unlucky object of some elder who chooses to vent his wrath and bad feelings upon them. That afternoon, this same lady was sewing on some thick garment, when her needle glided and ran under her thumb nail, making a painful wound. She twitched the needle from its thread, flung it into the fire angrily exclaiming, "there, I won't use such a needle," and her face had a scowl and her voice a sharp, impatient ring so long as the pain lasted.

How true is the saying that we are all children, only of a larger growth. Then don't treat too lightly the petty disappointments of which they have so many to encounter. They are not little disappointments to them. It is cruel to needlessly frustrate their innocent, childish plans. The coveted "back seats" in the school house that the little fellows wrangle over, are of as much importance to them as the high seats our nation offers are to larger fellows, who squabble over them fully as much.

CLARISSA POTTER.

For the Woman's Department.

The Fashion Nuisance.

I read the leader in a late number of the FARMER with a great deal of interest, for it contained much truth. I am glad the farmers are waking up to the idea that a great many idle, worthless people are receiving support from the industrial classes, and I sincerely hope a change will soon take place for the better. But there is another "nuisance" to which I would like to call attention, and that is the fashion nuisance.

The fashion department, instead of being a blessing to us, as it might be, and ought to be, has gone into the keeping of those who are taking advantage of our desire to look well, and are making capital for themselves. The fact is, the traders, dress-makers and milliners have had things all their own way too long, and it is time we took matters into our own hands and taught them to give us more economical and sensible styles. Only think of it! It takes from 18 to 40 yards of material to make a lady's dress. Then the hat or bonnet must be covered all over with trimming, besides all the rest of the stuff it takes to make up a fashionable rig-out. O dear! it tires me think of it. It is my opinion the women better not say any thing about voting with the men, until they can contrive some way to look pretty without so much waste of time and needless expense. First, let them break off the yoke of bondage which the old tyrant fashion has placed on their too willing shoulders, and learn to array themselves in neat and tasteful apparel, as becometh sensible women, who believe that fashions should be instituted and adopted for the convenience of our sex, before they say any thing about politics. At the present time dress occupies altogether too much time and thought. It makes perfect slaves of all those who pretend to be stylish. Now there is no need of that, for women can look just as well, and probably better, with half the expense and trouble, if they will only act in accordance with their own ideas of taste and propriety. If plain, simple styles were only in vogue, we should like them, and think them very pretty indeed. I believe if the ladies themselves would take the matter into their own hands, instead of leaving the devising of fashions to others, we should soon have a reform in dress.

Guilford. KATURAH.

For the Woman's Department.

Poodles vs. Babies.

Seeing in your columns a short time since an inquiry in regard to the points of beauty in infants, from three days to six months old; I feel it my duty to answer the question, and calm the gentleman's evident anxiety. It struck me very forcibly while perusing the article, that the writer must either be far advanced in "old-bacheldorhood," or was inevitably destined to a long life of "single blessedness." From the description which he gave of a youngster presented to him for examination, I have no doubt he was generously shown the poodle of some pet-loving lady, which, in his diffidence and trepidation at being in the society of a lady, he supposed to be a baby.

Concerning the features of beauty displayed by that sunbeam of the household, the baby—they are so numerous that only those who are destitute of that very essential faculty, taste for the beautiful, fail to discover them. If the gentleman will cultivate a spirit of sociability, I think he will not hereafter be so ignorant of juvenile charms, as to mistake poodles for babies.

Newbury. BERTHA.

For the Woman's Department.

Information Granted.

In a recent article in the Woman's Department of the FARMER, "Henry" of Hampden, solicited information concerning the essential points of beauty in little children, which he compares to the ugliest fish that swims. In reply, I wish to inform him that what constitutes real beauty in all cases, is innocence and purity. These exist in their fullest measure in the children he described, inasmuch as they are created "in the image of God," and have never sinned. Furthermore, our Saviour while he gathered them in his Divine embrace, emphatically declared "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." This is beauty. MRS. P.

West Farmingdale.

QUERY. I would like to have some of the correspondents of this Department, inform me how to cure sweet corn so it may be kept for winter use. EMMA.

Maine State College.

The Student's Reward.

A Graduation Thesis at the Maine State College.

BY LUTHER WOODMAN ROGERS, UPPER STILLWATER.

If the permanence of any pleasure is to be looked upon as one of the proofs of its value, there are certainly no rewards but those of virtue and religion, that can be compared with the pleasure of intellectual exertion.

The ardor with which knowledge has frequently been pursued, amidst almost insurmountable difficulties and discouragements, is sufficient evidence of the strength of the desire which has sprung up, and lived in circumstances so unfavorable to its growth, and manifests the extreme pleasure which its gratification is found to bring with it. Successful study is accompanied, also, with as deep and powerful emotions as any other kinds of human enjoyment. Such must have been the feelings of Newton, when, after confirming his theory that the principle of gravitation extended to the planets and other heavenly bodies, as well as to our own globe and its objects—that truth about full upon him, and not a shadow of doubt remained. Every originator or inventor of any great work of literature or art, has had doubtless his moments of similar pleasure. Probably no discoverer ever felt more surprise and delight than Galileo, when, having turned for the first time to the heavens, the wonderful instrument which his own ingenuity had invented, he beheld that crowd of splendors which had never before revealed themselves to the eye, nor entered the imagination of man. There are many persons, whom the love of knowledge has found in the lowest obscurity of poverty, but who have attained the highest acquirements in spite of every obstacle of birth; and these acquirements have generally been obtained, with the instruction which books alone could give, combined with an accurate observation of nature, and a firm determination to succeed. Some of the most important principles of science have been given to the world, by men who were obliged to educate themselves. The illustrious Kepler spent his life in poverty, yet amidst all his difficulties, he declared that to be the author of the works he had written, afforded him more pleasure than wealth. Similar to these have been the feelings of many other aspirants after knowledge, who, struggling like him with the inconveniences of indigence, or braving every variety of labor and privation in pursuit of the objects of their desires. A great disadvantage to be overcome by many is the time lost by not devoting themselves to the acquirement of knowledge early in life, for in after years when habits have become formed, the exertion sometimes required to comprehend the most elementary principles of a science, causes an aversion from the whole subject. Great as this disadvantage is, it has been overcome. Oliver Cromwell, who never fought a battle he did not win, was forty-two years old when he entered the army, and commenced his military studies. In the study of literature and art also, many persons undismayed by the reflection that the spring and sometimes the summer of life was already gone, have devoted themselves with as much alacrity to acquiring that knowledge of which circumstances had prevented an earlier commencement, as if they had yet been alike children in years and in learning. It ought not to be forgotten that all chances are not against them. Anxiety to redeem the time they have spent, of itself gives a stimulus. Although they have not yet learned much from books, they have nevertheless learned of necessity much from other sources, and come to their studies with faculties which have much more vigor and comprehension. While indigence and neglect in the early improvement of opportunities are serious obstacles to the pursuit of knowledge, nature sometimes has interposed others of a still graver character. Milton is supposed to have been "in darkness and with danger compassed round," when he commenced the composition of his immortal epic. He felt the calamity that was coming upon him while occupied in liberty's defence, but the apprehension did not induce him even to relax his labors. If such natural defects can be overcome, as they certainly have been, surely no person who has the free use of his senses ought despair; and in fact, difference in success is rarely the result of internal circumstances, nor is it always the result of superior intellectual endowment—it is more commonly the result of a strong determination.

In proof of this may facts might be noted. The lives of distinguished self educated men, who through their own exertions, by the force of a heroic will, have raised themselves from obscurity to eminence, are full of worthy examples. They determined that they would be accomplished scholars, and their determination was crowned with success. They secured happiness and honor for themselves and their country. In the pursuit of knowledge a similar success may always be secured if a like determination is made. Before is ignorance and doubt disappear as darkness before light. By it a storehouse of useful knowledge is opened, enlarging the mind's sphere of action, and affording that noble enjoyment and sublime satisfaction which is the student's reward.

State Policy.

A Graduation Thesis at the Maine State College.

BY FRED LAMSON MOORE, SOUTH SEBEC.

The growth of a great Republic is indeed a sublime object of contemplation. Its rise and progress almost exceed the imagination of the gifted poet who reared Utopia as a model, and painted it with all the vividness of reality, and with the harmony of reason. A home where all expression from without would only strengthen its powers of resistance, its members bound by sympathy in bonds of union which mutilation alone could dissolve. But its outward armor governs not its vital strength. The hidden springs of life must be cherished and strengthened by a policy that will at once increase its vigor and maintain its proportions. Toward this end every citizen should extend his influence.

We would not be narrow, and shut our thoughts within the limits of the commonwealth. The times are educating us into views sympathies broad as the land. We stand on an eminence, and our horizon is the borders of the Republic. We are lifted to the dome of our nationality, and our field of vision stretches to the water line that marks either ocean shore. We cannot name our State or any State without thinking of our whole country. We never entertain the thought that a State is complete in itself. It is a component part of federal Government bound to its sisters by a deathless bond. It is not a matter of territorial contiguity and geographical lines. Its rights are no more than its duties to the living and faithful vine, in which alone it has life and liberty. But its duty to that vine is its duty to itself. It is surely one of the leaflets of an organism, on the harmonious action of each depends the life of all, and whose neglect forms contortions in the entire branch. It cannot be denied but that our beloved State has fallen in arrears in wealth and population, for the last three decades or at least has not made that progress which we wish. This fact its enemies too readily ascribe to its native defects, its bleak hills, and variable climate, which render it a fit abode for the ruder forms of life. And even friends concede that all has been done, to render it prosperous that can be done by its inhabitants.

But it is a most mischievous injustice to ascribe the want of prosperity to the insurmountable obstacles of nature. To advocate such principle would incite an increased amount of emigration, for without future prospects, there will be no present prosperity. It was not the natural resources of the country that made Rome mistress of the world in wealth and power; nor the magnificence of its scenery that created the love the Roman had for his own institutions. The British Kingdom on which the sun never sets, acquired not its grandeur from its fortunate position. The unfortunate Frenchman would disdain to ascribe the recent disasters of his country to the natural defects of his loved hills and vales; nor would the victorious German acknowledge that his successes were due to the native peculiarities of his country. All countries have their diversities of soil and climate and adaptations to particular pursuits. And no nation can justly boast of a more liberal distribution of those goodly elements than can America. Hardly a branch of industry but has its home here. All forms of labor can be successfully pursued and reward the laborer with every product of nature from the extremes of the sunny south to the arctic waters of the north. The prosperity of the west is none the less ours because it is removed from us by a wide expanse of territory; the bonds of mutual interest and affection render it ever dear to New England heart. It is with pride we think of her rolling prairies, and vast fields of cereals that seem to meet the sky; her majestic rivers covered with steamers to transport the abundant harvests, and her magnificent cities which partake more of romance than reality, are only so many testimonials of vast resources and great

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Aug. 28, 1875.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. J. P. CLARK is now calling upon our subscribers in Penobscot County, P. O. address River side.

Mr. C. S. AYER will call upon our subscribers in Franklin County during August and September.

MR. S. N. TABER will call upon our subscribers in Hancock county during the month of September.

The Herzegovinan Rebellion.

By consulting a good map of Central Europe, it will be seen that Herzegovina, which is now in rebellion against Turkey, is a small province situated in the north-western part of Turkey in Europe, South of Bosnia. The little province of itself is insignificant, containing a population of only about 300,000, about two-thirds of whom are adherents of the Greek Church. The Government of Turkey is a Theocracy, the Sultan being regarded as the immediate successor of the prophet, and therefore the supreme head of the church, as well as at the head of State affairs. In several of the provinces of Turkey as for instance, Montenegro, Bosnia, Belgaria, Servia, and Herzegovina, the inhabitants are mostly of Sclavic descent, and consequently adherents of the Greek Church. They are therefore looked upon with scorn and contempt by every zealous Mohamedan who regards his own form of faith as essential to good citizenship, and has been educated to believe that Christians are infidel dogs, having no rights which they are bound to respect. The inhabitants of these western provinces have been treated with extreme cruelty and ground down by the intolerable despotism of the Turkish government, from time out of mind. Within a few years past the Sultan, influenced by the progress of civil and religious liberty in other European governments, has professed to make certain concessions to the Christian provinces within his dominions, but practically they have amounted to nothing. The officers placed over them are bigoted and cruel, and the religious freedom conceded to them by the Sultan is but a mockery. In consequence of the despotism of the government, rebellions are frequent in the Sclavic provinces. Our readers will remember that only a short time ago the Montenegrans arose against the exactions of their rulers, and were brought into subjection with no little difficulty by the promise of reforms.

The Sclavic provinces which are situated on the northern and western borders of European Turkey, in a mountainous country, remote from the centres of business, are difficult of access for large bodies of troops, and the country so abounds in natural defences that a few can hold it against the assaults of many times their number. An outbreak in a single province is not regarded as of much account, but the spirit of rebellion always pervades the entire territory, and when once kindled in any particular locality, it spreads like wildfire from province to province.

The present outbreak was brought on by the resistance of the people to the extortions of the Sultan's tax-gatherers. The collection of taxes in Turkey is farmed out to the worst citizens, and is grievously burdensome when enforced against Mohamedan subjects, but when pressed against the hated Christians it is intolerable. The heartless collectors do not hesitate to take the last measure of corn from a famishing household to satisfy his demands, and severe famines have often followed in the wake of the cormorant horde. The people of Herzegovina rebelled against their cruel exactions, and in this grievance the entire Sclavic population found a common cause of revolt, and before Turkish troops could reach the scene of action, the rebellion had spread far and wide. The insurgents were reinforced by recruits from other provinces, and the Turkish troops have been defeated by them in several severe engagements. One of the provinces which have joined in the rebellion is that of Croatia, which borders on Austrian territory, and the insurgents have raised the Austrian flag and called upon that country for protection. The Austrian government has shown no disposition as yet to aid the insurgents, and for prudential reasons will probably refrain from doing so. There is a general disposition on the part of the Great Powers of Europe to have the rebellion stayed before graver questions are involved. A dismemberment of the Turkish Empire is one of the possibilities of the future, and when that event takes place a general war is probable over the division of the spoils.

Austria, Germany, and more especially Russia, are interested in the subject, though the time has not yet come when they can carry out their designs; but in everything relating to the coveted prize, each watches the other with jealous care. It is reported by cable that these three powers are agreed that the eastern question must not now be raised. Turkey will be required to proceed with reforms in the government of the Sclavic provinces, which have heretofore been mere pretences, and the insurgents will be advised to lay down their arms under a promise of redress of their grievances.

THE WHISKEY RING. The Boston *Journal's* Washington correspondent in a recent dispatch says that the Treasury Department has the most conclusive evidence to show that the whiskey ring has decided to resort to murder if necessary to protect its members. The circumstance which points directly to this conclusion is the attempted assassination of J. E. Miller, in Chicago, last Friday night. Miller was formerly a United States gauger. He was discharged from the service in May last for a violation of the rules and regulations of the Internal Revenue Bureau, his offence being technical, and not of a criminal character. He subsequently voluntarily gave the Government very valuable information, and implicated in the whiskey fraud persons who hold high social and civil positions in Chicago, whose names have never yet been mentioned in this connection. His disclosures astounded the Treasury officials, the officers of the revenue and secret service, who had previously had the most knowledge of the inside workings of the ring, and through whose efforts, in a great measure, the plan for the seizures had been made.

The ring fully understood Miller's means of knowing of their operations. They, through treachery, learned that he had in some way communicated his information to the Government. Knowing that his evidence could only be given orally in a criminal case, and could not be perpetuated by deposition, the ring seem to have determined to prevent Miller from ever reaching the witness stand. The information in the possession of the Treasury indicates that the ring sought to accomplish their purpose by the hands of an assassin. Last Friday night, while Miller was quietly looking about Chicago for additional evidence against the ring, he was shot by an assassin. The ball intended for his heart, however, lodged in his left arm, and although badly wounded he will recover.

CITY NEWS AND GOSSIP. Col. Thayer and Mr. Weeks have sold Mouse Island to parties in Skowhegan who will take possession of the property in October, when the underbrush on the island will be cleared up, and other improvements made on the grounds.——The monthly meeting to the Insane Hospital was made by two members of the board of Trustees Friday. There are 403 patients now in the hospital. Work progresses on the new chapel satisfactorily, and new boilers are being added to the boiler room.——The schools in the village district will recommence next week. The young people have had a long rest and recreation and ought to take hold of their work with renewed vigor.——A primary department for children under 10 years of age, is to be opened at St. Catherine's Hall next Friday.——The fines and forfeitures at the late term of the court in this city amounted to about $1500. Gardiner has paid about $600, of this sum in fines for violation of liquor law. Augusta will contribute as much more.——Hon. Oliver P. Morton of Indiana, will speak on political questions at Granite Hall Friday evening.——Thomas Cook's boy aged 8 years, was run over by an express train Monday, but was not seriously hurt.——Mr. John N. Clifford died at his home in this city, Sunday, aged 59.——There was an alarm of fire Monday evening, caused by the bursting of a lamp in the Maine Central Freight House. The fire was extinguished before the bells rung, and for half an-hour there was a large crowd on the street hunting for the conflagration.——Benj. Britt fell the other day and is confined to his house from the injury. We learn that he is improving.——Malinda Dearborn has been sentenced to jail for thirty days for keeping a house of ill-fame.——James Burns for drunkenness preferred going to jail than to pay a fine of $9.66.——General and ex-Governor C. C. Washburn of Wisconsin, was in this city last week. He has been visiting his brother Sidney Washburn, Esq., of Hallowell.——Logs ran freely in the river Monday.——The survey of the two proposed railways one from Augusta to West Waterville, and the other from Augusta to Lewiston was commenced Monday.——The foundation for Mrs. White's new house on the corner of Grove and Capital streets is nearly ready for the superstructure. The cellar which has the same area as the house, is all above the surface of the ground.——The barge Yosemite goes on an excursion to Cox's Head, Friday.——An excursion train leaves Gardiner at half past six o'clock Friday morning, for the Northport camp-ground, by the way of Belfast, and will return the same evening, though the tickets are good for the regular trains on the day following. This will be a pleasant excursion, and we have no doubt that many will avail themselves of this favorable opportunity for witnessing the charming scenery on Belfast Bay. Train will leave Hallowell at 6.48, and Augusta at 7. Fare for the round trip from Augusta, including steamer, $2.00.——Monthly meeting of Seth William's Post this evening.——Democratic county convention this (Thursday) afternoon, in this city.——The Good Will Fire Company of Hyde Park, Mass., who were the guests of the Tigers at Hallowell, paid a brief visit to this city Wednesday afternoon, and were informally received by the companies here. Headed by the Hyde Park Band, they marched through the streets and made a fine appearance.

☞ The Bank Examiner, Hon. W. W. Bolster, has just completed a careful examination of the affairs of the Winthrop Savings Bank, whose safe was recently robbed. He finds the affairs of the bank in better condition than was at first supposed, which will be gratifying to the depositors. We do not speak officially and from the books, but we understand the available deposits are found to be as follows: Cash deposited in National Bank, $7,000; Mortgages on real estate, $34,000; Mortgage on school district property, $11,000. Total, $52,000. The liabilities of the bank are $114,000. This will give to depositors 45 per cent. of their deposits. The stolen town bonds which were deposited in the bank were all registered, and therefore the town will meet with no loss on that account. A full and official statement will soon be made by the trustees of the bank.

☞ To Mrs. Hannah W. Leavitt of East Winthrop, we are indebted for some of the finest specimens of the dahlia family we have ever seen. The flowers are arranged in the form of a sugar loaf or cone, the base being three feet in circumference, and tapering to a point, being two feet in height, besides the pedestal of evergreen upon which it rests. It contains fifty varieties of the dahlia, artistically arranged with regard to color and size, and shows what a diversity of colors may be produced from this popular exotic by careful cultivation. The yellow variety, so hard to produce, appears in perfection in this collection. If possible, Mrs. Leavitt should send a similar display to the State Fair.

☞ In the stallion race at Presumpscot Park Wednesday, for $1,100, divided into four purses, and the championship of Maine, the first money was won by general Tilton's Slasher, of Togus. There were seven entries as follows: W. S. Tilton, Togus, entered Slasher; Wright & Norcross, Augusta, Lothair; W. H. Matthews, Searsport, Young Buchanan; J. W. McDuffee, Lewiston, King William; G. & L. P. Warren, Sacarappa, Messenger Knox; P. M. Thurlow, Poland, Phil Sheridan; E. N. Perry, Cape Elizabeth, Lightfoot; Time—2:32, 2:32, 2:32 3-4, 2:32 3-4.

☞ A correspondent (B. L. P.) informs us that during the thunder shower, Monday the 16th, the lightning struck a large hemlock stump in Wm. Thompson's field, in Medway, about twenty rods from his house, throwing one-half of it entirely out of the ground, and throwing splinters in all directions, some of them to the distance of forty feet from the stump. The shock was severely felt by the family at the house.

☞ There have been paid into the Augusta city treasury, on account of taxes, since July 6, the sum of $73,332, on which the discounts amount to $5,728. About one-third of the poll taxes have been paid. More than two-thirds of the gross amount of taxes have been paid in. This is better than waiting to be harrassed by the collector, losing the discount and perhaps having interest to pay.

☞ Mr. D. L. Smith, late principal of Litchfield Academy, has charge of the Johnson Home School for Boys, located at Topsham, Me. This school has been in successful operation for nearly 20 years. The terms for tuition, board, washing, repairs of clothing and lights, is $350 per annum. Mr. Smith has had 20 years' experience as a teacher, the last 10 in Litchfield Academy.

☞ Andrew Johnson left an estate estimated at between $150,000 and $175,000. His son says he has no knowledge of the reported insurance of $350,000 on his life, though he has not yet been able to look over all his father's papers. The payment of the premiums on that amount of life insurance would have required a larger income than Mr. Johnson has had since his presidential term closed.

☞ Monday night three roughs, John Sullivan, Michal Kane and William McCarthy, declined to pay fare from Old Orchard on the Boston & Maine railroad and resisted officers who tried to arrest them. Next day the first two named were sentenced to three months in the house of correction, while the latter was fined $30 and costs.

KENNEBEC COUNTY ITEMS. At the Republican County Convention holden in Augusta, Thursday, the following were nominated Senators: Albert G. French, Fayette, John Woodbury of Litchfield; Treasurer, Alanson Starks of Augusta; Commissioner, Elbridge G. Hodgdon of Clinton.——The excavation has been made for the cellar, and the stone hauled for the wall and the foundation of the new hospital building which is to be built in connection with the Soldiers' Home at Togus. This was ordered at the last meeting of the Board of Managers.——A company has been formed on the Kennebec which has purchased an island near Southport, known as Pig Cove Island, for a summer resort. They have also changed the name to Capital Island.——The Waterville Mail says that the store of Mr. W. F. Brown in Clinton, was entered by some one through the cellar, about 5 o'clock Monday afternoon, while the proprietor was at supper, and the money drawn wrenched from its place and carried off. It contained about $80 in cash.——The Gardiner Journal says that a young man belonging in Litchfield, was arrested on Saturday afternoon, for insulting some ladies he volunteered to assist at the down train. He had a team at Augusta, and while waiting for the up-train had taken too much tangle-foot. It cost him eight dollars and some odd cents.——The Gardiner Journal says that $600 in liquor fines were paid into the county treasury last week by Gardiner parties.——Messrs. Norton & Leavitt sold to Gen. Jas. A. Hall, of Damariscotta, Thursday, all their slate quarry at Waterville, for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars.——The Gardiner Journal says three and three-tenths inches of rain fell Thursday the 12th, and that the whole rain fall this month, up to that date was over six inches.——The Trustees of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society have appointed Joseph Percival, Treasurer, in place of C. F. Barrell, deceased.——Fish Commissioner Stanley deposited some black bass in China Lake, at East Vassalboro', on the 18th inst.——The Directors of the Winthrop National Bank, have procured a double chronometer lock. It was placed upon their safe on Monday, and is now in good working order, defying the skill of the burglar to open it before the hands of the chronometer point to a certain hour. The lock was purchased of the New England Agent, Mr. E. McPherson.——Mr. James A. Bacon, at Thayer's corner, in Sidney, broke one of his legs very badly, on Monday afternoon last. He was hauling a load of grain on his hay rack in the field, when his horse becoming frightened, started off on a run. To save himself, as he thought, Bacon leaped from the load, breaking his leg just below the knee.

FRYEBURG. The one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the First Congregational church in Fryeburg, was observed Saturday with appropriate exercises. This is the third centennial observed in this town. The first in 1835 known as "Paugus Day," commemorative of Lovewell's fight, and the second in 1864, of the settlement of the town. Among those present and participating, were the Rev. S. C. Fessenden of Connecticut, grandson of the first pastor; The venerable Rev. Dr. Clark of New Hampshire, long identified with this church during the ministry of Rev. Dr. Hurd; Rev. D. C. Barrows of Massachusetts; Rev. Dr. Warner of Maine; Rev. Henry Carpenter of Oxford University, and the several clergymen of the vicinity. By an abstract compiled from the church records, it seems there have been only six pastorates, viz; Wm. Fessenden, thirty years, dying in office; Francis L. Whitney, nine years; Dr. Nathaniel Porter, about five years; Dr. Hurd thirty-two years, dying in office; J. L. Peabody, three years; D. B. Sewall, thirteen years, and the present pastor, Rev. B. N. Stone, now successfully ministering since 1873. The exercises continued through Sunday, with an appropriate discourse by the Rev. Mr Fessenden in the morning and the observance of the Lord's Supper, concluding with a praise meeting in the evening.

SEVENTEENTH MAINE EXCURSION. The 17th enjoyed the most delightful re-union at Little Chebeague last week. Mr. Jenks provided a splendid breakfast and dinner at the Sunnyside House, and raised a handsome flag in honor of the re-union. In the target shooting Mr. C. H. Thompson won the silver goblet, Mr. C. H. Greeley the silver mug, and Lt. Col. Hobson made the poorest shot. At the dinner, toasts were responded to by Col. T. A. Roberts, Alderman Littlefield, Col. West, Capt. C. H. Meserve, Dr. N. A. Hersom, E. H. Elwell of the *Transcript*, Lt. Col. Hobson, and C. P. Tisley, Esq., formerly of the *Advertiser*.

The business meeting of the association was then held and the following list of officers chosen for the ensuing term: President, Col. T. A. Roberts; Vice Presidents, Col. G. W. West and Lieut. Col. Wm. Hobson; Secretary and Treasurer, Adj't C. W. Roberts; Directors, Josiah Remick, E. A. Duncan, N. A. Hersom, Richard Abbott, J. F. Putnam; Necrologist, Capt. G. W. Verrill: Toast-master, J. O. Rice.

☞ The Oxford *Democrat* says that a portion of Paris was visited by a terrific tornado on Thursday afternoon. The town farm, lying in its track, was damaged to the extent of about $1,000. The barn, a building 72 by 30 feet, a shed 34 to 22 feet, a corn barn 12 by 16 feet, and a tool house were completely demolished, not one stick of timber being left standing. The barn contained 30 tons of hay and some grain, which were scattered and injured by the rain. Both barn and shed, connected, are heaped in one mass of ruins. Great timbers, a foot in thickness, are twisted and broken, boards and shingles cover the fields, and are lodged in trees for rods to the north. The corn barn—set upon stone pillars, was carried bodily for about five rods, where, coming in contact with a stone wall, it was wrecked.

☞ A new religious paper is to be established in Boston, with the Rev. Mr. Murray as editor-in-chief. The paper is to be called The Golden Rule, and it will have religious, political, agricultural, musical and review departments. The leading feature of the religious department is to be the latest sermon of the editor-in-chief, who expects to preach through the winter at Music Hall to a congregation made up of seceders from Park street church and others. An independent religious family journal is what the Golden Rule publishing company propose to make, and the subscription price is to be $2 a year.

☞ Thursday night a fire broke out in the storehouse occupied by Pitcher & Gorham, on Lewis wharf, near the railroad depot in Belfast. The building was consumed with the hay stored in it. An adjoining warehouse occupied by the same parties, was saved in a damaged condition. It contained flour and grain, which were removed with some injury. The buildings belonged to the estate of S. L. Lewis, and were insured. Loss about $6,000. The fire was caused by an incendiary.

☞ Thursday a three year old son of Scott Allen was caught by a revolving shaft at the Farnsworth Woolen Mills, Lisbon, and whirled around several times, breaking one arm and it injured the other so that it will have to be amputated. The same day Miss Angie Reed, who is employed in the Farwell Cotton Mill, had one of her arms caught in the loom and badly lacerated.

☞ George W. Pemberton, confined in Suffolk county jail, awaiting execution for the murder of Mrs. Margaret Bingham, stabbed himself in four places last week with the handle of a spoon which he had sharpened. He is reported in a critical condition.

THE CIVIL SERVICE. Though reform in the Civil Service, has been repudiated by politicians in Congress, and virtually abandoned by the administration, it is by no means a dead issue. We have no doubt the President earnestly desired to give the proposed reform a fair trial and to make it a part of his policy, but unaided by Congress, he could accomplish but little. Not only was he not aided by Congress, but he met with positive opposition from all the politicians, who have shown themselves opposed to it in any shape. And why should they not oppose it, when the patronage at their disposal forms their only stock in trade, and is the only means by which they can hope to retain their hold on office? We cannot expect the whiskey ring to aid in protecting the revenue, nor the Indian ring to defend responsibility in contracts, nor can we expect political Congress-men to aid in promoting civil service reform. Notwithstanding all this, there is a decided public sentiment in favor of taking the patronage away from Congressmen, and out of this public sentiment the issue must and will start anew.

The recent discharge of clerks in the Pension office, affords a good illustration of the workings of the present system. On account of short appropriations the Commissioner found himself obliged to discharge some twelve or fifteen clerks, and those were selected for discharge who had proved to be the least efficient. But over half this number were able to bring political influence to bear sufficient to retain their places, and in consequence the Commissioner was obliged to make his discharge from the better class of clerks. The service of the Department is thereby impaired, but what do the politicians care for efficiency in any department, provided their own selfish ends can be answered.'

The head of a department is held responsible for all that is done under his jurisdiction, and this is unreasonable, unless he can have the selection of his subordinates. When clerks are forced upon him without regard to their qualifications, his responsibility is weakened morally if not legally. And yet it is not in these more responsible positions that reform is most needed. Where office is connected with the administrative responsibility, a new executive is usually allowed to select his more immediate councillors. But the great mass of subordinate work does not share in the responsibility. It gives employment to thousands whose places are made the means of party coercion and corruption, and because the places are obscure and uninfluential they attract but little public attention. It is the business of the public press to keep this subject constantly before the people. The long standing and deeply rooted heresy that the functions of the public service are the perquisites of party leaders or the rewards of party zeal, needs to be extirpated root and branch. Wherever it crops out it should be crushed out by an overwhelming public sentiment. Members of Congress should be selected on account of their fitness for the office, and not on account of the influence they can manufacture for themselves by farming out the patronage at their disposal. Let the appointing power be taken away from them, and the evil in respect to themselves would correct itself. Fidelity to the public service would also follow as the only requisite qualification for all non-elective offices.

POLITICAL. The York County democratic convention was held in Alfred, Thursday. The following county ticket was nominated: Senators, John M. Goodwin of Biddeford, Wm. A. Cromwell of South Berwick and Chas Boothby of Parsonsfield. Dr. A. K. P. Meserve of Buxton, Treasurer; Wm. G. Lord of Limington, Commissioner.

Knox County republican convention on Thursday, nominated as follows: Hon. Moses Webster of Vinal Haven, Senator; Gen. J. P. Cilley of Rockland, Treasurer; Gen. W. H. Titcomb of Rockland, Commissioner.

At Lewiston the following democratic county ticket for Androscoggin, was nominated Thursday: H. A. Osgood of Lewiston and Nahum Morrill of Auburn, Senators; S. L. Hill of Webster, Judge of Probate; Everett King of Mechanic Falls, County Attorney; Phillips Bradford of Auburn, Sheriff; John H. Otis of Auburn, Clerk of Courts; Dana Goff of Auburn, Commissioner.

At the democratic convention for Waldo County, held in Belfast, Saturday, Jason Estes of Troy, and George White of Winterport, were nominated for Senators; Crosby Fowler of Unity, for County Commissioner; and Richard Moody of Belfast, County Treasurer.

Nominations were made at the Cumberland County democratic convention Tuesday as follows: Senators, Chas. H. Haskell of Portland, Isaac S. Brown of Pownal, Albert Gray of Harrison, and Benj. M. Baker of Windham; Judge of Probate, Nathan Cleaves of Portland; Register, Horace J. Bradbury of Portland; Treasurer, Roscoe G. Harding of Gorham; Commissioner, Solomon Stewart of Deering; Clerk of Courts, Frederick J. Littlefield of Bridgton.

At Damariscotta Tuesday, the following republican county ticket for Lincoln was nominated: Senator, Franklin L. Carney of Newcastle; Commissioner, David Chamberlain of Bristol; Treasurer, Geo. L. Hall of Nobleboro'.

The Sagadahoc republican nominations made Tuesday are as follows: Thomas W. Hyde, Senator; Robert P. Carr. County Commissioner; Joseph M. Hayes, Clerk of Courts; William B. Taylor, County Treasurer.

The following are the republican nominations for Hancock County officers made Wednesday: Senators, Joseph T. Hinckley and Wm. H. Bragdon; Sheriff, A. R. Devereux; Treasurer, Luther Lord; Commissioner, Lemuel T. Dorr.

At Skowhegan Wednesday the following county nominations for Somerset were made by the republicans: Senators, W. P. Stevens of New Portland, and Abel Prescott of Canaan; Treasurer, H. C. Hall of Norridgewock; Sheriff Moses French of Solon; County Commissioner, Geo. Flint of Anson.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT AT BRIDGTON. Geo. A. Wright, Esq., of Portland, his wife and Mrs. White of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., met with a serious accident while descending Mt. Pleasant, Bridgton, last week. They were in a two-horse carriage, and had passed safely down the dangerous part of the mountain and had taken this carriage, which had no brake. The thimble on the cross-bar, to which the hold-back strap is attached, came off, letting the carriage upon the heels of the horses, which became frightened and dashed forward at a fearful rate. They soon cleared themselves of the carriage, which ran off the road and plunged down a bank thirty feet, entirely smashing it. Mr. Wright was thrown across a rock, severely injuring his stomach, and it was at first feared that he had sustained serious internal injuries, but later intelligence indicates that, though severely bruised, his injury is not serious, as was first thought. Mrs. Wright had her collar bone broken and sustained a severe bruise on the side of the head.

☞ The trial of Westervelt, brother-in-law of Mosher, the abductor of Charley Ross, will soon begin at Philadelphia. It is said that the police of that city have found new evidence implicating him in the abduction, and it is confidently hoped that the place of the boy's concealment, if he is still alive, may be brought out during the trial The mother of the missing boy is still hopefull that the boy will be found. The story that the child was safely at his home in Germantown has not been confirmed.

Editor's Table.

NURSERY. The September number of the Nursery is at hand. It is full of pictures and nice stories adapted to the wants and wishes of the little ones. Send to J. L. Shorey, Boston, remiting $1.50 for a year's subscription.

PETERSON'S JOURNAL. The September number has chapters of two leading serials entitled "The Deserted Husband" and "The Mystery of Blackwood Grange." There are also short stories, sketches and poetry. H. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia, are the publishers.

ALDINE. With commendable enterprise the publishers of the Aldine have issued part 20, current series, of the popular Art Publication, and will soon be able to furnish part 19 which was consumed by the fire which destroyed the entire establishment in June last. The new issue is fully up to the average of previous numbers, and the publisher declare that the Aldine is not only to live but to live in full vigor and beauty. This announcement will be very gratifying to its thousands of admirers.

THE LADY'S BOOK. The initial engraving in Godey's Lady's Book for September is entitled "The Highland Keeper's Daughter." This is followed by Fashion Plates, Patterns for crochet and needle work, and by a choice variety of reading matter. Address Louis A. Godey, Philadelphia.

HARPERS'. The September number of Harpers' New Monthly Magazine contains a finely illustrated article entitled Gloucester and Cape Ann. This is followed by four other illustrated articles, chapters of serials, short stories, poetry, &c. All the departments are filled with entertaining matter. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; sold by J. F. Pierce.

☞ The National Hymn and Tune Book for Congregations, Schools and Home, has just been published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. It contains more than 200 tunes arranged conveniently, one on each page, with generally a third tune running across the bottom of the pages; 340 hymns are provided, quite enough for all practical purposes. Sold by J. F. Pierce.

SCRIBNER. The initial article in the September number of Scribner's Magazine is Chicago, illustrated. The serial entitled A Farmer's Vacation is concluded. The Mysterious Island and the Story of Sevenoaks are continued. We also have various short stories, sketches, poetry &c. Scribner & Co., Publishers, New York.

ST. NICHOLAS. The September number contains the usual variety of entertaining stories and bright pictures. This magazine is a decided success and its rapid development and wide circulation are among the great achievements of the day. Scribner & Co., are the publishers.

THE FATAL BALLOON TRIP. On Wednesday afternoon an inquest was held at Detroit on the body of N. S. Grimwood, the Chicago journalist who accompanied Donaldson on his ill-fated trip. The body was fully identified, and a verdict of accidental drowning was rendered. Mr. Grimwood's note book contained what was evidently the introduction to what he intended to write about the ascension. It was headed, "Up in a Balloon," and was as follows:

"From the earliest dawn of childhood I have always had a presentiment that at some time, sooner or later, I was destined to rise. There are some people who make sport of presentiments, but, as for all, presentiments are a handy thing to have around. Where would I be to-day if I had not had a presentiment? I have risen, as if were, to a point of order. Like a great many politicians I rose by means of gas. I regret the fact that there are only two of us, Professor Donaldson and myself, as I would like to belong to the upper ten.

Professor Donaldson seems to be a very pleasant gentleman, although a philosopher and an aeronaut. Although it is scarcely an hour since I struggled into eminence the restraint of my position is already beginning to be irksome to me and wear upon my spirits. I cannot help reflecting that if we fall we fall like Lucifer out of the heavens, and that upon our arrival upon earth, or rather upon water—as we are now over the middle of Lake Michigan—we would be literally dead."

Several other papers were found on the body, one being a certificate of membership in a public library. There are various opinions and speculations concerning the whereabouts of Donaldson; some believe that he is not dead, and some do not hesitate to express the opinion that he may have thrown Grimwood out to lighten the balloon, and preserve his own life.

A bottle was found washed ashore at Port Hope, Thursday morning, containing the following:

"Over Lake Michigan at 8 p. m. of the evening of starting; about 30 miles from Chicago; about 3000 feet high. A gale is coming from the northeast. The balloon is getting out of order; gas is escaping fast; can't remain up much longer; will surely land in the Lake; fearful storm."

(Signed.) DONALDSON.

The writing is well preserved

ENGLISH SHIPPING BILL. The English shipping bill which has now become a law is a substantial victory for Mr. Plimsoll and a striking example of the influence which public opinion has upon the government, even in so conservative a country as England. When Mr. Disraelli announced that the government would not take up the shipping bill, Mr. Plimsoll grew violent in his denunciations, and was driven from the House in a frenzy of grief and indignation. In forty-eight hours the country had spoken. Public meetings were held to endorse his course, and largely attended. The press everywhere came to his support, and the government was forced to take up and force to a passage a measure substantially the same as that which it had just before abandoned. A shipping bill was introduced by a government member, and Mr. Plimsoll gave it a hearty support, thus proving that it was the measure itself and not the means by which it was passed that he cared for. It was less satisfactory to him than his own bill, and he worked hard to secure some amendments to it.

The Adderley bill, as passed, contains two clauses, one of which provides for the appointments of surveyors who are empowered to detain unseaworthy ships, and the other giving to one-fourth of the crew the right to demand an examination if they suspect the vessel to be unseaworthy, or find it to be overloaded. The carrying of deck cargoes in the winter months, which was regulated by a clause in Mr. Plimsoll's bill, is not referred to. The bill is intended to be only provisional and the subject will undoubtedly be debated again next year.

FROSTS. Late dispatches from various points in the northwest, principally in Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa, show that there was a frost Sunday morning, and a heavy frost Monday morning. Corn suffered great damage, and a report comes from some places that three-fourths of it is killed. Tobacco, of which there is a large acreage in Rock and Jefferson counties, is totally destroyed. Hops, buckwheat, potatoes and all vines on the low lands are badly injured.

NEW SENATOR. D. M. Key of Chatanooga has been appointed to Mr. Johnson's recent seat in the U. S. Senate. He is a man of about forty-five, of decided talents, but diffident and retiring. He is said to be very popular in his section, but not generally known throughout the State, not having figured much in State politics. The appointment is said to be very satisfactory to East Tennessee, which claimed the place.

☞ Egypt has adopted the metric system of weights and measures, to take effect after this year. For the first two years, it will be compulsory only in transactions with the government, but after that it must be used generally.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Reminder of the Past.

Mr. Editor:—Overhauling some old letters and papers recently, the inclosed prospectus, issued soon after the first appearance of the MAINE FARMER, came to light. Thinking it possibly might possess some interest to you as a relic of the past, it is at your service. It was sent to me by Mr. Holmes forty-one years ago, with a request to obtain some subscribers for the paper. Being busy with my farm work I procured but a single name, Simon Bixby, which is on the prospectus in his own hand-writing. The editor and that subscriber have years ago passed away, and alas! how many tillers of the soil who read and prized the dear old MAINE FARMER forty years since, have gone to the silent land. Brother farmers—we who have been blest with the good things of this life in the shape of bountiful harvests from our fields, let us thank God for all His goodness to us in past years. Many of us are growing old—verging on to the time when "other hands our lands shall till." Let us cultivate the spiritual soil of our hearts as well as our fields, and so be gathered at the last as a shock of corn, fully ripe. J. S. BIXBY.

Norridgewock, Aug. 18.

Accompanying the prospectus to which our correspondent refers, was a circular addressed to the farmers of Maine, which we here reproduce.

SIR—You are probably aware that we have commenced in this town, the publication of a weekly Newspaper, called the "MAINE FARMER AND JOURNAL OF THE USEFUL ARTS." We honestly believe that the prosperity of Maine is identified with the interests of her Farmers, Mechanics and Workingmen. We have therefore seen with regret, so little attention paid to those interests by our Farmers and youth, the physical strength of our State, and that with a soil, climate and other facilities not inferior to our sister States, we should be so far behind them in Agricultural improvement and Mechanical skill.

The attention of the public is however becoming awakened to the importance of these interests—The spirit of enquiry is abroad, and the great object should be, to give it such a direction as shall result in the general good. With this object in view our paper was commenced, and has thus far been conducted.

The patronage it has received shows conclusively, that a paper devoted to these interests, was called for by the community, and our anxiety now is to make it worthy the attention of every Farmer, Mechanic and Workingman in Maine—to make it a valuable manual upon every farm and in every workshop in the State.

We take the liberty of soliciting your aid in rendering our paper interesting and useful.—It is designed as a medium of communication for whatever will promote the public good, and we respectfully request you to communicate any thing either original or extracted, which, in your opinion, will add interest or value if more generally known. Any experiment or fact important for the public to know, sent either by mail or otherwise, at our expense, will be gratefully received, and shall receive a place in our columns. It being our grand object to render ours a valuable paper, we are obliged to incur a very considerable expense. To indemnify us for this, and to give a more general circulation to whatever of useful matter is therein contained, if you can procure a few subscribers to the prospectus upon this sheet, it will be of essential service in promoting our object and assisting us in our designs.

With respect, Yours,

E. HOLMES, *Editor.*
ELIJAH WOOD.
WM. C. FULLER.
SAM'L P. BENSON.
WM. NOYES.

Winthrop, 1834.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Tramp Nuisance.

Mr. Editor:—On looking at your editorial of the 7th inst., I notice your reference to the passage of a law in the Legislature of N. H., in reference to "tramps" marauders, etc. It would seem to be demanded that your Governor should convene the Legislature without loss of time, and pass special laws for the punishment of this herd of criminals. The burglar, if caught with arms in his possession, give him State Prison for life; if he gags men, women and children, and compels the opening of a bank vault or its equivalent, make it capital punishment, and thereby try the temper of some of your tender hearted people that may have been gagged by the assassin. Arson was once a capital offence; is not ten fold more punishment demanded now? I asked a policeman why housebreaking had diminished so much in the city of B. He replied that "that class of gentry were helping themselves in the rural districts now." As an eminent lawyer said to me a few days ago in reply to my question, "New Jersey gives all rogues the full benefit of the law, without hindrance or abatement, which is so severe they prefer to make New York their head quarters," and it is positively so. Now as New Hampshire proposes to give them a dose of the unmitigated, Maine and Vermont will take their "Gypsies," which are part and parcel with tramps and gents in fine cloth, which should drive every farmer to hunt up his old musket and bull dog, where he once didn't think of fastening his doors at night, but now feeling his insecurity from incendiaries, horse stealers and house breakers, he should be prepared.

If every town and village would form themselves into a vigilance committee and confront every tramp they meet with "what is your occupation, where from, where bound?" and no satisfaction could be obtained, secure him and take him to the nearest jail, many terrified families would rest in peace.

Excuse me for making these remarks, but the rural districts are their game, especially if there is a bank, or farmers that are supposed to have a little money laid up for a rainy day. H. POOR.

Brooklyn, Aug. 16.

For the Maine Farmer.

Benefits of Advertising.

The following communication speaks for itself:

Mr. Editor:—I have this day purchased of F. A. F. Adams, esq., of Bowdoinham, the celebrated stallion Geo. M. Lee, advertised in your valuable paper, and will ship him to Wilmot, Annapolis Co., Nova Scotia. I think Mr. Adams will be pleased by the result of his advertisement, and I actually am thankful, as I have been looking all over the State and seen some thirty or more for sale. I concluded to follow the advertisements of horses for sale in the MAINE FARMER, and found just what I wanted, and he more than filled the bill. Mr. Adams has the finest lot of horses, brood mares and colts I have seen any where in New England. Your truly,

HENRY VAN BUSKIRK.
Wilmot, Annapolis Co., N. S.

Bowdoinham, Aug. 23, 1875.

☞ A man was fishing off Portland bridge one day last week when his hook caught in a parcel which he raised to the surface. They proved to be plates for printing counterfeit money, and he took them to the Deputy United States Marshal. One is the back of a $5 bill well executed, though faint in the lines, as if much used. The others are for fifty and twenty-five cent scrip. It is probable that there is a den of counterfeiters in that vicinity who have become frightened at the recent arrest of Braley and tried to make away with the evidences of their guilt.

☞ Workmen employed in the new Insane Asylum at Danvers Mass., at 2 P. M., during a shower, were startled by a thunder bolt falling among them, which instantly killed a man named Sullivan, of Salem, and prostrated Mr. Jno. Farquhar of Boston, who will recover. In the excitement Mr. Collins of Salem was struck and knocked down by a horse which trampled upon him, inflicting injuries which will prove fatal.

☞ Stephen Church of Farmingdale, was so badly gored by a bull at West Gardiner, Monday, that his life is despaired of. He is 60 years of age.

Items of Maine News.

The customs district of Castine numbers about 370 vessels.

A Kingfield correspondent of the Chronicle says that wheat is rusting in that town.

One hundred students were present during the opening week of the fall term of the Castine Normal School and more are coming.

The Dover district Republican Class Convention, will be held at Parkman, Saturday September 4.

A fall term of the Farmington Normal School commenced Tuesday, Aug. 24th.—The prospects are good for a large attendance.

W. H. Ham, A. B., a graduate of Bates college, has accepted the position of principal of the Princeton high school.

The Thomaston correspondent of the Free Press say that the rust must have struck nearly all of the potatoes in that vicinity.

S. O. Brown pays a tax of $3430.78 in Dover. It's on account of a woolen mill which is a good thing to have in a town.

On Wednesday evening, Sept. 22d, the people of Skowhegan are to hold a centennial tea party at Coburn Hall.

The Observer announces the death of Timothy Hazeltine, Esq., a prominent citizen of Foxcroft.

A young son of J. H. Jack, of Denmark, had his face badly burned on Sunday, 1st inst., while playing with gunpowder.

B. J. Hood was bound over last week in

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 25.

At market for the current week—Cattle 2320; Sheep and Lambs 5602; Swine 6,500. Number of Western Cattle 2100. Northern Cattle and Working Oxen and Milch Cows, 350. Eastern Cattle 70.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices per 100 lbs. live weight, extra quality $8 00@7 75; first quality $7 50@7 00; second quality $6 87½@6 87½; third quality $5 87½@6 25; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c. $5 50@5 12½.

BRIGHTON HIDES—7c ₱ lb.; Brighton Tallow 6c ₱ lb.

COUNTRY HIDES—6@6½ ₱ lb.; Country Tallow 5@5½ ₱ lb.

CALF SKINS—15@14c ₱ lb. Sheep Skins 33 @ 35c each. Lamb Skins 50@75c each.

The trade this week for good Cattle has been quick and prices of last week fully sustained for that class of Beeves, a few being sold as high as 8c per lb live weight. For the common and poorer grades, including Texas Cattle, of which there has been quite a large supply of late, the trade has not been much different from that of one week ago: prices ranging from 3@6c per lb live weight. There were a few Cattle brought in from Maine, a few of them being very nice Beef Cattle.

WORKING OXEN.—The supply in market for the week was larger than that of several weeks past, there being several pairs among the Cattle from Maine. The trade for Working Oxen is limited, a few pairs being all the market requires at present. We quote as follows: 1 pr, girth 7 ft 2 in, $1 50; 1 pr, 6 ft 10 in, $155; 1 pr, 6 ft, 7 in, $155; 2 prs, 7 ft 2 in, coarse ones, at $150 per pair.

STORE CATTLE.—No call for Store Cattle and but few in market. Most all the small Cattle that are in a fair condition being bought up by butchers to slaughter. Yearlings $14@20; two year olds $20@25; three year olds $30@45.

MILCH COWS.—Extra $55@65; ordinary $25@50; Most of the Cows offered in market for sale are of a common grade. Good Cows sell well at fair prices.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—From the West there was a light supply, all owned by butchers, coming at Brighton 6@7c per lb. From the North supply was larger than that of one week ago. Price ranging from 6@6½ per lb.

SWINE.—Store Pigs, wholesale 10@11c per lb; retail, 12@11c. Fat Hogs, 5500in market; prices 8½@8½c per lb. Spring Pigs 14@16 per pound.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, Aug. 25.

There continues to be a good demand for medium fleeces and combing and delaine selections, but fine Wools are still quite dull and neglected, and sales of the latter can only be made at low prices. California Wool has been in demand, but prices now rule 4c per lb under the highest points a few months ago, and for pulled Wools the demand has been quick. The sales include 225,000 lbs combing and delaine at 50@ 60c for washed and 40@50c unwashed; 175,000 lbs unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces at 25@35c, as to quality; 175,000 lbs Ohio fleeces, X to picklock, at 50@55c, mostly medium, and No. 1 at 47@50c; 20,000 lbs Western fleeces at 40@45c; 300,000 lbs spring Cal. fleeces at 19@22c; 50,000 lbs scoured at 46@47c; 75,000 lbs super and X pulled at 37½@38c; 2500 lbs tub washed at 52@53c; 1700 lbs no 1s at 42c; and 200 lbs tags at 15c per lb. In Canada combing the sales have been 120,000 lbs at equal to 64@65c per lb.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, Aug. 25.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.—The demand for Flour is firm with a limited demand for all kinds; we quote: Western Superfine at $3 75@3 25; common extras at $6 00@6 50; Milwaukie and Minnesota extras at $6 50@8 00; white wheat Ohio, Indiana and Michigan $6 50@8 00; Genesee extra at $7 25@9 00; St. Louis at $7 25 at $7 62½@8 25; Indiana at $7 25@9 00; St. Louis at $7 25 at $7 62½@8 25; Illinois

Poetry.

Not Lost.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes—
These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain,
And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear,
To busy crowds, who scarcely pause to hear—
These are not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night
Over soiled robes, that once were pure and white;
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,
Longing for Christ to make it clean and whole—
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,
When dreams had less of self, and more of truth;
The childhood's faith, so tranquil and so sweet,
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet—
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the ways of sin—
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord! for, in thy city bright
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light,
And things long hidden from our gaze below
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
These are not lost.

Our Story Teller.

A Tale of the French Revolution.

CHAPTER I.

One cold, wretched, gloomy evening, towards the end of the year 1788, a young man was hurrying through a small forest on the outskirts of the town of Nancy. The wood was thick, but he passed fearlessly on through the deepening gloom. Here and there a gap in the trees brought before the eye the gothic battlements of an ancient castle, four towers of which rose darkly against the sky. This was the ancestral home of the proud old family of De Reynaud.

The traveller was a man of herculean proportions. He was commonly, almost coarsely dressed and there was little in either his manner or appearance to attract attention, except perhaps that there was a nameless something in his countenance which, once seen, was not easily forgotten. In the first place, it was deeply scarred by small-pox, and an immense profusion of black hair hung in wild profusion around it. His forehead was broad but low, and his eye was brilliant, keen, and restless.

Although at this period the forests of Flanders were infested by bands of robbers, and every day brought with it fresh acts of theft or murder, paralysing the scared inhabitants of Nancy and Valenciennes, still this man carried no weapon save a huge stick. With a dauntless look and a careless air he was speeding swiftly on his way; when, all at once, he was confronted by a party of men, who emerged from behind the trees, and placing themselves in his pathway, demanded his money or his life.

Apparently our traveller thought that of the two, he would prefer saving the former, for in a moment, without a symptom of fear, he prepared himself for a determined resistance. With his back firmly set against a tree, and his stick grasped in his hand, he first kept his assailants at bay; and then, finding they were closing on him, commenced dealing around him a succession of blows, with a coolness and skill which proved that he was master of the art of self-defence.

Still, in so unequal a contest—one against many—he had but little chance, and the game was going against him, when suddenly a young man, unmistakably a gentleman, richly clad in the costly costume of the day, and attended by his servant, abruptly appeared upon the scene. At a single glance he seemed to take in the whole case, and drawing his sword, without a moment's hesitation, charged at once upon the gang.

The battle was sharp, but of short duration, for a few seconds sufficed to convince the robbers that they had met their masters, and a rapid flight ensued. A brief pause, during which the two young men gazed breathlessly at each other, as if to ascertain the amount of damage done to either, was broken by the last comer.

"You are wounded." said he to the man to whose rescue he had so opportunely arrived, "you are severely wounded. You must allow me and my servant to assist you to the house—it is close by—and there you shall be properly attended to."

"A thousand thanks," replied the traveller, "but I have not an instant to spare.—My wound," he added, whilst he wrung some heavy drops of blood from his forehead," is a trifle. Not so the service you have rendered me. That is a debt which I shall never forget. If ever I can repay it, it shall be repaid. Perhaps before we die, some happy chance may enable me to do for you what you have this day done for me."

"Nay," laughed the young man, "in that hope we cannot quite agree."

"In these times, who knows?" returned the traveller. "But, however, here where we have met, we must now part. Let me, before I go, know the name of my preserver?"

"Gustave, Count de Reynaud," was the reply, and the traveller gave a sudden start.

"Count de Reynaud?" he repeated with a quiver on his lip and a scowl on his brow; "a count! an aristocrat! My life saved by an aristocrat! But, bah! what matters? High or low, you are still my preserver and my friend, and as I said before, if ever the time should come when you may want a helping hand, as I did this day, remember the name of Danton."

CHAPTER II.

Count Gustave de Reynaud walked quietly home as if nothing had happened. His life had been a brief romance. Three years previously he had inherited from his father the castle to which he had just invited his stranger friend, and tired apparently of Paris and its pleasures, he suddenly resigned his place at the court, of which he was the most brilliant member, and devoted himself to a country life upon his princely domain. For a long time the gay companions of his former life could not imagine what inducement had been sufficiently strong to lure him from their society, but at last the secret was discovered and the mystery solved. Gustave de Reynaud, the witty and accomplished favorite of a luxurious court, had proved vulnerable to the charms of a beautiful village girl, and having no one's leave to ask but hers and his own, married, and made her Countess de Reynaud.

For two years their happiness had been like a dream or fairy tale. Surrounded by vassals and tenants, they dispensed around them with a lavish hand every benefit which it was possible to bestow, and their names were never breathed without a blessing.

In the year, however, of which we are writing, bitter winds had scattered the orchard blossoms, heavy rains had ruined the harvest, the vines had no grapes, and the fields no flowers; but the Count and Countess de Reynaud, with unwearied benevolence, heaped upon their people gifts of all kinds to recompense them for their losses, until there was but one feeling amongst them of universal gratitude.

Did I say universal? Alas! there was one exception. Francis Gautier, a farmer on the estate, hated the Count and Countess with a hatred too deep for words, even if he had dared to utter them, and the cause from which this hatred sprung was one which, like a recent wound, was being continually open.

From boyhood this man had loved the beautiful Felicie Emmonet, now Countess de Reynaud; and from girlhood he had been her detestation. When he saw the prize wrested from him by one so immeasurably his superior, love gave place to hatred.—Envy, deep and direful, turned every drop of blood in his veins to gall; and day after day, month after month, year after year, he watched with jaundiced eye the happiness of the Count and Countess de Reynaud.

Revenge was what Gautier thirsted for; the unalloyed prosperity of his superiors in rank filled him with rage. Being himself a man whose mind was superior to his station, his position was a constant thorn in his side, and he felt as if it chained him to the ground from which his ambition made him wish to soar.

Unfortunately this was a character exactly suited to the times which were now coming. A revolutionary spirit was growing in France with amazing rapidity. The nobility were marked down as especial objects of vengance, and the mob were in the ascendant. What a moment of triumph for a man who had a private grievance to avenge!

Here, then, was at last an opening for Gautier to raise himself to power, and, seeing his opportunity, he speedily availed himself of it. The moment the public press announced the disastrous turn the tide of affairs had taken, he declared himself on the side of the revolutionists, and entered heart and soul into their cause. His fortune—if such it could be called—was now made; power, place and authority, were now his; and the first use he made of them was to denounce his generous master and benefactor, and sacrifice to the Republic the princely estate on which he had first drawn breath.

When first the blow fell, Count Gustave de Reynaud fondly hoped that the care and consideration he had always had for his people might shelter him from the storm; but he little knew with whom he had to deal.—Vain all hopes whilst Francis Gautier wielded the sceptre. With savage delight this monster led the way to the castle, and had not a few grateful hearts warmed towards the unhappy young couple, their very lives might have fallen a sacrifice. As it was, flight saved them for a moment.

Disguised, and with money and jewels concealed about him, the Count and Countess wandered from forest to forest by night and by day, terrified lest they should be discovered. Soon, however, privation and exposure began to tell upon the health of Madame de Reynaud; she was utterly prostrated by terror and fatigue; and they were compelled to seek refuge in a cottage at Nancy. Here, however, despite the courage and kindness of their hosts, they were at last hunted out, and seized, not the Countess, but her husband: and deaf to all her frantic entreaties, he was torn from her side.

"Save your eyes," cried one of the myrmidons, with a laugh of derision; "your turn will come next."

"But what is my crime? Whither would you take me?" asked the count.

"Your crime will be told you by him before whom we are about to take you—the President of the Tribunal of Justice," was the reply.

"And who may he be?" said the victim with an intonation of scorn which he could not repress.

"Francois Gautier," answered the men, with one voice; and from that moment both Count Gustave and his wife felt that their doom was sealed, and that they could expect no mercy.

CHAPTER III.

The Count de Reynaud's quondam tenant sat in a large arm-chair, his head resting on his hand, and his dark, cadaverous countenance telling the tale of these sanguinary days as plainly as though it had been written there—telling the story of the frightful scenes into which his ambition and his thirst for vengance had led him. The table before him was covered with documents and papers of all kinds.

"Well, it is all done for to-day?" said he savagely, as they led away from his presence a prisoner just condemned to death.

"Not quite, citoyen-president. Here is a woman who has been running about the passages of the hotel de Ville all day"—

Before the speaker had time to conclude his sentence, a girl, young, and strikingly lovely, rushed into the chamber, and stood before Gautier. Her disheveled hair was streaming over her shoulders, her eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and her face was almost livid with grief and terror. Though dressed in a costume of a Flemish peasant, the delicacy of her features, the beauty of her figure, and the grace of her movements, frantic as they were, told that she wore it on as a disguise, and Gautier smiled with malignant triumph as he recognised her.

"Be seated, citoyenne," said he, with a marked tone of insolent irony.

"Sir," began Madame de Reynaud clasping her hands, and fixing her eyes imploringly on her face.

"Call me citoyen, "he interrupted, roughly. "We allow no aristocratic titles in these good days of equality."

"Alas!" cried the countess, "you must forgive me, for I know not what I say. My ideas are scattered—my brain reels; but, oh, citoyen-president—if such is the name by which I should address you—have pity! have mercy! They have arrested my husband; they have taken him prisoner to the Hotel de Ville. Yet he is innocent. I swear to you, by all I hold most sacred, that he is innocent! Suffer me to ask you what is to be his fate?"

"The fate which traitors and the enemies of the Republic must expect," replied Gautier, laughing derisively.

"But he is neither," replied the countess, in a voice of agony; "he has never lifted a hand against his country, neither has he joined in any conspiracy. Of what can you accuse him, Monsieur Gautier: unless indeed of having overwhelmed you with kindness? Oh, sir! speak, and tell me! What is his supposed crime?"

"Crime?" echoed Gautier, furiously. "Is he not an aristocrat?—has he not trodden the people beneath his feet?"

For a moment the countess looked at the accuser in mute astonishment and indignation, and then, in faltering accents, exclaimed: "This accusation from you?"

He cowered beneath her flashing eyes for an instant, but then with an effort recovered himself

"The gratitude of a private individual," said he, "must never interfere with a duty which a man owes to the public. I am placed here to punish the guilty"—

"And to protect the innocent!" cried Madame de Reynaud. "But sir, you must be joking—you cannot be serious—or is it some frightful dream? Is it possible that you can be in earnest—that you are about to stain your hands with the blood of a man who has positively been your benefactor! Did he not assist you to marry?—did he not place you in the best farm on his estate, and stand god-father to your child? And now—and now"—(tears half choked her words) "a wanderer—an outcast—bereft of all! Oh, sir, if you can save his life save it!"

"Countess de Reynaud," whispered the president, bending down to her ear, "in days gone by I knelt at your feet as you now kneel at mine. I implored your pity and your mercy as you now implore mine! Did you listen to me? did you grant my prayer? No! the love I sought, you gave to him!—That injury of blackest dye I now wash out, but only with his blood! Long years have passed since you refused to listen to me, but day and night have I never ceased to thirst for my revenge, and I grasp it in my hand! Is it likely I shall let it go? No!"

The Countess gazed wildly at him. She seemed unable to comprehend the magnitude of her misery, yet she stammered out:

"Mercy?—Mercy!"

"Yes," continued Gautier in the same low tone; "but mercy costs dear."

"I have money—I have still jewels!" shrieked the Countess.

Gautier shook his head and laughed—the laugh of a demon.

"Not enough," said he. "He robbed me, and for that theft"—

"What price—Oh, what price, Gautier?" she asked.

"His blood," he replied.

"His blood," echoed Madame de Reynaud, and the next moment she fell senseless at his feet.

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning thirty soldiers were drawn up in a small court, near the Hotel Ville, specially devoted to executions of this kind. In face of them stood a young man. His countenance betrayed no sort of emotion; except, perhaps, that on his lips was a curl of scorn; and that, though the expression was calm and determined, a deadly pallor overspread his face. In his hand he was permitted, as a favor, to hold the handkerchief with which they would have bound his eyes.

Now and then his eyes seemed to wander into the distant crowd, as in search of some loved object which met them not. Suddenly a piercing shriek rent the air—a figure came flying across the court—and the haughty composure and nerve with which Count Gustave de Reynaud had been about to meet death, instantly forsook him; he started, trembled visibly, and held out his arms. In a moment his wife rushed into them, and whilst locked in his embrace, wound her own frantically around his neck.

But the scene was brief and transient as a flash of lightning. The great window of the Hotel de Ville was thrown up with violence, and Francois Gautier appeared upon the balcony. His eyes glared upon his victim, and at a hurried sign, Madame de Reynaud, fainting and half dead, was torn from the arms of her husband, and forcibly dragged from the scene of horror.

Hardly was the space cleared between the soldiers and the prisoner, when a loud murmur was heard, and a postchaise—the horses covered with foam—dashed into the court, and a man of colossal stature and ferocious countenance, rendered still more so by the mass of black hair which hung around it, sprang from the carriage, and after gazing intently on the various groups before him, walked up to the officer, and ordered him to suspend the execution.

"As for the prisoner," he added, "let him follow me to the Hotel de Ville."

In the hall of the revolutionary tribunal he turned towards Monsieur de Reynaud, and fixing his eyes on him in surprise, inquired what were the circumstances of his arrest and his sentence.

Whilst the count was detailing them, the countenance of the stranger darkened, and his lip trembled with fury. Hardly was the recital finished, then he folded his arms, and striding rapidly across the hall towards Gautier, asked him in a voice of thunder what excuse he had to offer for his conduct.

"My object is the good of the republic," was a reply.

"The good of the republic," cried the stranger, "can hardly be gained by acts of tyrannical cruelty. The death you have prepared for an innocent man shall be your own. Soldiers! I sentence Francois Gautier to be shot. Remove him! and let the sentence be immediately executed."

In a moment the president of the revolutionary tribunal was surrounded and secured. In vain he strove to justify himself—he was not allowed to plead. In vain he implored a respite of at least one hour.

"Not one moment!" was the reply.

When Francois Gautier found that all hope was over, he acted like a madman; he became perfectly infuriated. He raved, he struggled, he foamed at the mouth. He snatched the tri-colored cap from his head, and tearing it into pieces, stamped upon it with his feet.

"If this," cried he, "is all the gratitude that the friends of liberty receive, may the Republic perish."

At the same window from which, one short half-hour before, Francois Gautier had hope to witness the death of his rival, did the stranger now stand, and not until the volley of musketry announced that all was over, did he quit his position. He then turned towards a table by which stood Count Gustave de Reynaud, and after writting a few hasty lines, he looked up at him with a softened expression of face.

"Citoyen," said he, in a trembled voice, "take this pass. It will ensure the safety of yourself and your wife. Do not leave France—do not mix yourself up in politics; keep free from all party spirit, and you will have nothing to fear. And now—only one word more. Do you remember me?"

Monsieur de Reynaud looked bewildered.

"Pardon me," said he passing his hand over his forehead, "but the events of the last few days seem to have deprived me of memory. I cannot recollect if we have met before."

"Possibly not," returned the stranger, "for those who bestow favors and blessings forget easily. It is for those who receive them to remember. Count Gustave de Reynaud, I had a debt to pay you, and I have paid it; we are now quits. Should you be asked from whom you obtained that pass, you may feel perhaps that it was from the man whose life you once saved; but you only answer—'From DANTON!'"

William Penn's Grave.

The visit was first to the church at Stoke Pogis and the park, to gather information, which was found difficult, as little or nothing appeared to be known in the country about the burial-place of Penn. We were shown the old manor house, now occupied by the gamekeeper of the estate, who resides just outside the park. Here "Penn," said our guide, "pulled down all that part of the house and built the new mansion. This," showing us an antique carved oak seat, "belonged to Penn, and so did the quaint couch. That old grate was there in his time, and all those fire-irons. Come down this way," and down the slippery oak stairs we went, and suddenly found ourselves in a grand hall, wainscoted with oak, perhaps eight feet high along the wall, and with the various wainscoting of which I found in an old chimney-piece that would have done honor to Hatfield or Knowle—a sample of the ancient structure. Hard by was the monument Penn had erected to Gray, perhaps on the very spot where the poet had writen his Elegy; and those who wish to realize the full beauty of the description should stand there and contemplate "The Country Churchyard." "Now, Mr. Simpson," asked the Pennsylvanian (Col. Forney) "can you tell us where Jordan is?" "Well, Jordan, yes; it is a Quaker's meeting-house; is it not somewhere near Beaconsfield? You had better go to Beaconsfield and inquire. Do you know Beaconsfield?" turning to the driver. "Oh, yes, I know Beaconsfield;" and, this point settled, the party walked to the celebrated cloister to the pew once occupied by the Penns; a room in extent, carpeted and studded with chairs, with a stove at the end, and looking out on the meaner parishioners as if the occupiers were royal. "Here is where Penn used to sit;" then passing from the pew our guide led us down the aisle, and, taking up the matting, said. "The family vault is there; the last of them being gone, the vault is closed;" and from the stone rose the baptismal font. "William Penn," the Pennsylvanian insisted, "was not buried there; for the founder of my state was a Quaker." "I do not know about that," replied the gamekeeper; "but here is the family vault in which the Penns are." And a beautiful church they rest in; filled with the mellowed light tinted by the painted windows, the whole structure bearing the aspect of hoary antiquity associated with wealth.

We went from the old seat of the Penns, in search of the grave of the great Penn, he who has given fame to the family name, associating it with a State which will carry it through all time, making it a familiar word when only the greatest of a century will be remembered. At Beaconsfield, after some inquiry, our driver was told where to go, and taking the Oxford road we skirted for a mile the estate so well associated with the last wife of Mr. Disraeli, who had been created a peeress under its title. At the end of the domain one of those narrowest of lanes turned sharply to the left, driving under the heavy foliage shading the way, which led up and down steep hills, damp and secluded, the wildness almost approaching to desolation. Grass grew on the path as if seldom trodden. Suddenly it went down by a steep incline, at the bottom of which was another little roadway, marked Seer Green, with the gate of an estate having a fine house peeping through the dense foliage hidden away from the world, and almost from the passing traveler. "They told me to go on straight," said the driver, "on reaching Seer Green;" therefore, facing the hill, we ascended, with not a soul to guide. To the right, as we looked for a mark to direct us, a few little grave-stones stood out white and fresh in a small, tree-hedged field, fronting a dreary-looking cottage, and we stoped to inquire. Another road, with its way-post, "To Chalfont St. Peter," conducted us along the dell at a sharp angle to that we had traversed, and the entrance was from that lane; but though we knocked with our fingers at the door and called, no one was there to greet us. We are wasting time here, said the Pennsylvanian, "and we have none to lose: let us go on." I glanced over the brief fence into what was certainly a graveyard, and on the outer stone, no larger than the seat of a chair, five of which stood in a row was written in plain, black letters, "William Penn." On the slope of this lonely hillside lay the founder of Pennsylvania, in what looked like a field, without, till in recent years, a mark, save the swelling earth, to indicate that any were there buried.

It was curious to look at the face of the Pennsylvanian when he began to realize the fact that, hidden out of sight, in the most lonely nook of Buckinghamshire, which, in the days when William Penn died, might well have formed the retreat of a band of highwaymen, were the remains of one to whom the second State of the Union should be proud to do honor as the first of her citizens. Taking out the twig that did the work of a padlock, we opened the gate. Before it a pathway (grass-grown) was designed, to the right of which were the five graves, but there were five also to the left with one stone, bearing the inscription, "William Penn's Five Children." Beyond these was a large mound without a record; but it was to the right of the boundary which turned with deep interest—William Penn, 1718, Hannah Penn, 1716; on the headstone next was Guilliema Penn, 1689, Isaac Penington, 1670, Mary Penington, 1682. Behind was another little row of similar headstones, all bearing Quaker names of that date—Mary Frame and Isaac Rule, 1765—and up the hillside the ground undulated with the graves of a hundred nameless dead, just as does the churchyard Gray thus describes:

"Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap."

till at the extreme end, isolated in its aristocratic grandeur, and shaded by a row of trees was the family vault of Vandervaal "Can you give us any information about this graveyard?" asked the Pennsylvanian of a man gathering apples from an adjoining orchard. "No," he replied, "I do not know much about it, but they have half-yearly meetings in the house there." "I am from Pennsylvania, and the founder of my state is buried here," said Forney; but this only elicted some open-mouthed wonder. Looking in through the latticed windows, we saw that the plain structure was wainscoted with oak; all the forms being piled in a heap ready for use at the next meeting;—and this was "The Westminster Abbey of the Quakers," as it is described in a book called "The Shrines of Bucks."

No works could tell, with more striking effect, the story of Penn's life, than the pomp and glitter left on record at the family seat, and unmarked grave on the lonely hillside of him who has given fame to the name. It told the story of the conversion of a man of family and position to a creed which cast him out of the social scale. The tale was of persecution; of the meetings in the wildest parts of the country; of the graveyard—itself buried even from a keen search—for in those days it would have been no light task to have reached that spot; and the burial, without record, of a man and his family, who had foresworn the pomps and vanities of this life, to realize in death, to the fullest extent, all that his creed had taught.—*Col. Muter in the Anglo-American Times.*

☞How many smokers know what the brands on the cases of Havana cigars mean? The names, Regalia, Londres, Damas and Entr'-operds do not refer to quality but to sizes. The quality is indicated by superfino. fino, superior and bueno. Maduro means that the tobacco is very strong, oscuro for that not so strong, colorado for medium and claro for mild.

☞In the garden of the late Andrew Johnson's residence is a magnificent willow, grown from a twig taken from the grave of Napoleon Bonaparte, on St. Helena, and sent to the ex-President. A twig from this noted tree will be planted over Mr. Johnson's grave on Johnson's Hill.

☞A man may hold his tongue at the wrong time.

The Oldest Horse Ever Heard of.

Undoubtedly the most remarkable horse in the world—at least so far as age is concerned—is now owned in this city. He was foaled in the town of Clarence, Erie county, N. Y., the property of Col. Cronk, at the same time a large breeder of race horses, in June, 1824, and is consequently fifty-one years old. We have obtained the following interesting history of this venerable animal:

The sire of Romp, for that was the name given at his birth, was the race horse Dragon, who was noted as a winner at all distances. The dam of Romp was an imported English mare, taken at the battle of Lundy's Lane, in 1812, from an English officer, and purchased by Col. Cronk, and kept on his farm for breeding purposes. In the spring of 1827, the colt Romp, then three years old, was purchased of Col. Cronk by P. L. Carter, of this city, and broken by him for a race horse. In his trials he proved to be a fast runner.

In the autumn of 1827 Mr. Carter made a match to run Romp against a horse that was traveling through the village of Alexandria, Genessee county, N. Y., for $500. The horses started in the race, but before the close of the mile Romp stepped on a rolling stone and broke his near ankle, which so disabled him that he could not finish the race. Mr. Carter, disgusted with the whole affair of losing his horse and the race, looked about for some one to kill the animal and put an end to his misery. A farmer in the neighborhood offered to take the horse home, on account of his remarkable symmetry and beautiful points, and pay Mr. Carter $10 for him, and try and cure his broken limb. The purchase being made, the horse was placed in a sling obtained in a blacksmith's shop near by, such as was used for shoeing oxen, the bones of the ankle put in place as well as could be, and in two years he was well enough to do ordinary work on a farm.

Mr. Carter retained the interest he at first manifested in the recovery of his favorite animal, and frequently visited him while he remained in New York. In 1836 Mr. Carter moved to this city, where he now resides. In his various visitings he also found him in New York he also paid his old favorite a visit, until the year 1854, when he found that he had been sold to come West, and he lost track of him. In the fall of 1858, however, he saw the old horse in the southern part of this county, and immediately bought him and brought him to his own home in this city. After using him in a buggy for two years, and the horse getting a little clumsy on account of his stiff ankle, he sold him to Mr. A. J. Henderson, who put him into a team for hauling coal from the coal mines in Spring Arbor to this city, a distance of four miles. In this coal wagon he had worked every day (Sundays excepted) for fifteen years. The usual weight of a load of coal is a little more that two tons, and this horse has been half of the team, without a loss of a single day or losing a single meal by sickness or any other cause, and has seen six good young horses die, one after the other, in trying to mate him in his daily round of labor.

The circumstances of the identity and history of this animal are such that they can not be mistaken. First, Mr. Carter is a man who is never mistaken about any horse he has ever owned or taken an interest in. His individuality in this regard is beyond dispute with every person who knows him. Then the testimony of his nephew, who is a superior horseman, and who knew the horse well, and who was living with Mr. Carter at the time of the accident, and the year the purchase was made is easily proven; and also by the bill of sale and discharge to Mr. Carter, made June, 1827, and the affidavit of the nephew, who went to live with Mr. Carter in the autumn of 1826, at the death of this father, which occurred that year. Then the marks of the broken ankle are to be seen to-day as plainly as they were shortly after the accident took place. The peculiar make of the horse, his very long and round barrel, his uncommonly high withers, his whole countenance the face denote high breeding, and the gray stripe running from the off eye to the near nostril, is so peculiar that it is impossible for the witness to be mistaken. As this horse is so much older than any other horse ever known, we have been thus particular in stating all these facts to the public. Every horseman will be satisfied of the truth of this statement by examining his mouth—which is almost destitute of teeth—while those that remain present an appearance (to use a jockey phrase) of his having "lived in Noah's ark.

If any person doubts the philosophy of breeding blooded horses, and that they have more desirable and lasting qualities, besides being longer lived, they had better take a look at this most remarkable animal, without a puff or a wingall on his limbs, fifty-one years old.

The horse having come under the observation of a noted horseman of this city, he determined to get possession of him, and subsequently purchased him a few days since. For the purpose of demonstrating the importance of breeding from imported blooded stock in order to obtain superior qualities of speed, endurance, and vitality, he will be exhibited, making a general tour of the country.—*Jackson (Mich.) Patriot.*

An Ancient City.

The July number of the *Overland Monthly* has an article by a California geologist, in which he reviews the evidence of the antiquity of a human settlement near the present town of Cherokee in that State, and estimates the age of that most ancient of discovered towns to be not less than 180,000 years.

The data for all such calculations are necessarily uncertain, as they are derived from the present motions of the continents and present rates of erosion; still, from the changes that have taken place since the pioneers of prehistoric California left their traces on its ancient sea shore, there can be no doubt that thousands of centuries have come and gone.

The traces in question are numerous stone mortars, found in undisturbed white and yellow gravel of a subaqueous formation, not fluviatile, underlying the vast sheets of volcanic rock of which Table Mountain is a part. In one instance a mortar was found standing upright, with the pestle in it, apparently just as it had been left by its owner. In some cases the mortars have been found at the depth of forty feet from the surface of the gravel underlying Table Mountain. The distribution of the mortars is such as to indicate with great positiveness the former existence of a human settlement on that ancient beach when the water stood near the level at which they occur; a time that is vast in the vista of human history, when turned with deep interest—William Penn, 1718, Hannah Penn, 1716; on the headstone next was Guilliema Penn, 1689, Isaac Penington, 1670, Mary Penington, 1682. Behind was another little row of similar headstones, all bearing Quaker names of that date—Mary Frame and Isaac Rule, 1765—and up the hillside the ground undulated with the graves of a hundred nameless dead, just as does the churchyard Gray thus describes:

"Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap."

till at the extreme end, isolated in its aristocratic grandeur, and shaded by a row of trees was the family vault of Vandervaal "Can you give us any information about this graveyard?" asked the Pennsylvanian of a man gathering apples from an adjoining orchard. "No," he replied, "I do not know much about it, but they have half-yearly meetings in the house there." "I am from Pennsylvania, and the founder of my state is buried here," said Forney; but this only elicted some open-mouthed wonder. Looking in through the latticed windows, we saw that the plain structure was wainscoted with oak; all the forms being piled in a heap ready for use at the next meeting;—and this was "The Westminster Abbey of the Quakers," as it is described in a book called "The Shrines of Bucks."

No works could tell, with more striking effect, the story of Penn's life, than the pomp and glitter left on record at the family seat, and unmarked grave on the lonely hillside of him who has given fame to the name. It told the story of the conversion of a man of family and position to a creed which cast him out of the social scale. The tale was of persecution; of the meetings in the wildest parts of the country; of the graveyard—itself buried even from a keen search—for in those days it would have been no light task to have reached that spot; and the burial, without record, of a man and his family, who had foresworn the pomps and vanities of this life, to realize in death, to the fullest extent, all that his creed had taught.—*Col. Muter in the Anglo-American Times.*

How they Live in Paris.

A Paris correspondent gives the following interesting statistics concerning the way Parisians live, and illustrating the insufficient house accomodations in that city:

"Paris has within its walls 63,953 houses, of which 394 are in process of construction and 1947 uninhabited. The official figures show that the entire population numbers 1,861,792. These inhabitants live in 61,622 houses, of which 694 are public establishments, which gives an average of 30 persons to each house, or 32 if we take into calculation the floating population, which is daily estimated at 135,000 persons. Each house contains about 11 apartments or chambers to rent, for the number of rooms or apartments rented, or to rent, numbers 694,695, of which 65,357 are vacant, and 93,-161 rented for commercial or industrial purposes. This gives an average of 3 persons to each apartment rented or to rent."

A Born Doctor.

Upon the examination, the other morning before the recorder of Morris Taylor, accused of administering poison to Mary Ann Tolden, in a glass of soda water, Dr. Thomas Taylor, a colored "grein'mam," was called to the stand as a witness for the State. The doctor is a small-sized individual, slip-shod, walks with a cane, has a small head, scant of wool, solferino eyes, mouth cut biased, and the look of one who has an eye to the main chance.

The doctor hobbled up to the stand, and proceeded to answer the questions put to him by the court, thusly:

By the Court—What is your name?

Dr. Taylor—Dr. Thomas Taylor.

C.—What is your trade? What do you do for a living?

Dr.—I'se a doctor—er fiscian (physician.)

C.—Under what school of medicine do you study?

Dr.—Hey! Didn't study 'tall. Cum into de wurl a doctor. Was borned a doctor. You see, boss, I cures people wid dis year han', dis yere right han'. I jes puts it on 'em and does a little summen to 'em and dey gits well; I does. I was worf more to my ole masser than all the oder niggers he had. I'se a doctor, I is. (Here the witness surveyed the audience with a great deal of gravity and importance, hitched up his pants, and turned again to the court.)

C.—Do you know Mary Ann Tolden? If you do, state what was her condition when you saw her, Sunday or Monday last?

Dr.—I knows her. Well, boss, yer know, last Sunday or Monday, I disremember which, I was called 'fessionally to see dis young lady. I found her in 'vulsions and plaining of thing worrien 'bout her heart. Says I "Mary Ann what's de matter.,' Says she, Doctor, I feels things workin' 'round my heart." I put dis yere right han' on her and she got still. I saw her sorter swelled out and felt things workin' roun' in dere, and I kr'owed she mus' have sum varmint in dere. So I gave a table spoon of fresh milk, and den I took a speckled chicken—a real, natral chicken—and cut it open and put it on her right side, jes' over whar the heart is. I kep' it dere for sum time, mebbe half an hour. De treatment fotched 'em out; cured her up.

C.—Have you a license to practice medicine?

Dr.—Yes, sir! (Here witness produced a city license, issued January 1st 1875, signed by Mayor Hurley, authorizing him to carry on the occupation of a physician from January 1st 1875, to Juif 1st 1875.

C.—Can you read?

Dr.—No, sir; I don't need ter. I'se de sebenth son ob de sebenth son. My nollige was born wid me.

C.—Have you a license from the county of physicians?

Dr.—No, sir! What I want to go to dem for? I'se a doctor, I is, I cures people wid my han'—my right han'. I don't give no doctor's stuff. (Here witness looked disgusted, as though to insinuate that to go before the common board were a great insult)

C.—Do you get pay for your visits and doctoring?

Dr.—Pay? Pay? In course I does. I'se no fool, I ain't. I'm a doctor, I is. 'Course I gets pay. I charges 'em $25 for every case, and I makes 'em pay me, I does. I'se a doctor, I is'—*Galveston News.*

Tramps and Worcestershire.

He was travel-stained and weary, and his eyes had a far-off wistful look, as though he knew that rest was not for him below, let his tired heart crave it never so much. And as he humbly asked the lady of the house for a morsel of food, his venerable appearance and evident want aroused all her womanly generosity, and she presently set the poor tramp down to the remains of the family dinner.

"Poor old man," she murmured sympathetically, as she saw him lean back in his chair, leaving his food untouched on the plate—"he is too weary to eat."—and she asked him if he felt ill.

"Not exactly mum," was the answer in a humble voice,—"but mos' people cooks their roast beef till its overdone, an' overdone beef don't gen'lly agree with me."

"Y' hav'nt got any Wooster sauce have ye?"—continued the mendicant—"that most gen'lly agrees with me."

Unfortunately, the house of McCormick was out of "Wooster sauce," but Mrs. McC. brought the mustard and a plate of nice pickles, observing with the faintest trace of sarcasm in her tones that if she'd known that he was coming she'd have looked out for something better.

"Oh, I ain't very pertick'lar mum,"—said the old man, as he helped himself to another spoonful of gravy and a cucumber pickle, "on'y I jes' happ'n'd to mention it, 'cos where there ain't no pie nor nothin' sweet ter desert, overdone roast beef's more like to disagree with me,"—and the meekness in the vagrant's wrinkled face was touching in the extreme, as he looked humbly around the table, as though his former glance might have overlooked the luxuries of which he spoke.

But Mrs. McC. was rather too far gone with speechless indignation to frame a suitable answer, and so the weary old man, with a mournful sigh, went on eating, and developed a most singular and wonderful appetite, which was gradually appeased as the four pound piece of beef was reduced to a mere shapeless fragment, and the last boiled potato had vanished from the dish.

"I hope you've made a dinner," ejaculated Mrs. McC., with fine irony.

"Wall, pes'm; I've eat wuss wittals," said the old mendicant, with deep humility, as he pushed his chair back from the table, and appeared to seek something on the floor.

"What is it you're looking for?" demanded Mrs. McC., with a snag in her voice that reminded one of the slamming down of the lid of a chest.

"Nothing mum—that is, nothing partick'ler; I didn't see no napkin, an' thought I might a' dropped it—"

But he never finished his speech, and five seconds later his white locks vanished through the doorway with amazing rapidity, and an infuriated female with a mop followed so closely behind that he got fully half a mile from the house before pursuit ceased and he was able to light his cigar.

Getting Rid of Her Daughter's Beau

She lives down on Baker street, and she has a daughter about eighteen years old. The old lady retains all her simplicity and innocence, and she doesn't go two cents on style. The other evening when a splendid catch called to escort the daughter to the opera, the mother wouldn't take the hint to keep still. While helping her daughter to get ready, she asked:

"Mary, are you going to wear the shoes with one heel off, or the pair with the holes in each?"

Mary didn't seem to hear, and the mother inquired:

"Are you going to wear that dollar gold chain and that washed locket, or will you wear the diamond father bought at the hardware store?"

Mary winked at her, and the young man blushed, but the old lady went on:

"Are you going to borrow Mrs. Brown's shawl, or will you wear mine?"

Mary bustled around the room, and the mother said:

"Be careful of your dress, Mary; you know it's the only one you've got, and you can't have another until the mortgage on this place is lifted."

Mary remarked to her escort that it promised to be a beautiful evening, and as she buttoned her gloves her mother asked:

"Those are Mrs. Hardy's gloves ain't they? She's been a good neighbor to us, and I don't know how you'd manage to go anywhere if she didn't live near us."

Mary was hurrying to get out of the room, when the mother raised her voice once more and asked:

"Did you run into Mrs. Jewett's and borrow her bracelet and fan? Yes, I see you did. Well, now, you look real stylish, and I hope you'll have a good time."

Mary sits by her window in the pale moonlight and sighs for the splendid young man to come and beau her around some more, but he hasn't been seen up that way since that night. The old lady, too, says that he seemed like a nice young man, and she hopes he hasn't been killed by the street cars.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fuel in Russia.

The great want of Russia is an adequate supply of fuel, without which a lasting check will be given her in her industrial progress, especially in regard to railways. The supplies of wood are distant and fast diminishing, while the total production of coal is at present not more than 100,000 tons per annum. These facts are interesting in view of the fact that Russia is pushing her military posts to the sources of the Indus, a short distance beyond which are the great coal beds of Western China. The coal owners of the empire have had a meeting at Taganroy to discuss the subject of future supplies.

☞The King of Burmah announces that he is about to start a newspaper and will engineer the editorials in person. Those of his subjects who do not subscribe are to be executed.

☞An unlawful oath is better broken than kept.

Young Folks' Column.

The Greedy Mouse.

The cook said to the maid—
"You must catch that little mouse;
There's nothing safe in the house.
In the kitchen or the cellar,
From that tiresome little fellow.
Where there is meat,
There he will eat;
What smells good
He takes for food.
In the kitchen cupboard he's nibbled a hole,
Nothing is too good for the pert little soul.
Girl, you must catch him, and drive him away
Into the woods and fields, I say!"

Then the maid said to the mouse—
"Stay in your house,
Little mouse!
Steal no meat, I pray;
And don't come out to play,
Or you'll be caught and killed, perhaps,
In one of my clever little traps!"

Then the maid put everything carefully by,
Covered up the meats,
Hid all the sweets,
Baited the trap with bacon, and said—
"Now I'll set it in the corner and go to bed."
The little mouse sat in his hole,
And shivered, but not with cold;
Said he, "It's true what she says,
I'd better mind what I am told."
But this wise bit but lasted a little while;
He grew bold r soon,
Peeped into the room;
"That bacon," said he, "smells uncommonly nice;"
I must have a bit
If I die for it."
Just ounce won't matter, I'll be back in a trice."

So he scampered quickly across the floor,
Squeezed himself small,
Rolled himself in a ball,
Curled his tail round,
To take up less ground,
In a place that was rather crampy, it's true,
Where the bacon hung in view.

Oh, by